Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Holdt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '12

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. C. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 1st and 4th Sundays

L. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Jos. Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Widener Cottage Begun.

Work has been begun on the new Widener building on the Bell estate on the Cliffs. The plans for a splendid new residence were approved by the late George D. Widener a short time before his tragic death on the Titanic. After his death, Mrs. Widener had the plans modified a little, but the house will still be a magnificent one, and will require about a year to build. Mrs. Widener will occupy the Drexel residence this summer, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener will have one of the Pinard cottages.

The cold spell struck in with a good will Thursday and Friday. There was nothing even approaching a frost, but it was very cold and disagreeable. Nevertheless the lawns and foliage never looked better than they do now. The lilacs are all ready to burst into full bloom, and in a short time they will be in their glory. Some varieties of trees are in full leaf, while others are just opening their leaves. The Avenue section of the city is particularly attractive.

By the will of the late John T. Terry, father of Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry of this city, the latter will come into a large amount of property. Dr. Terry and his brother will divide the residue of the property equally after a number of comparatively small bequests have been made. The estate is estimated at about a million dollars.

The Newport public will have an opportunity to try the new dancing pavilion at the Beach next Monday evening. It will not open for the season at that time, but the management has planned for just one evening for the Newport people prior to the formal opening a few weeks later.

The indications now point to a busy summer in Newport. There have already been many rentals made in the summer colony, and in addition there will be several families here in their own houses who have been absent for some time. It looks as if the season would open early.

The Beach management have engaged Chester Prior, for many years in charge of the famous Fields Point clambakes, to manage the bakes at the Beach this season. Mr. Prior is known all over Southern New England as a clambake specialist and his reputation should draw many people here.

The little Japs are still unhappy. They do not like California's last bill and they have filed with the President a protest against it. Truly Wilson and Bryan are having a hard time with their unruly children on the Pacific coast. Bryan as a peacemaker does not seem to have been a success thus far.

The handsome new fishing steamer R. F. Macomber, belonging to the Macomber-Nickerson Company, arrived in Newport harbor Thursday afternoon, direct from the builders in Maine. She attracted much attention at the Pioniger & Manchester dock.

The Lenthal and Thayer schools held their parents days on Thursday afternoon, with a large attendance at each school.

For Atlantic Flight.

Jack McGee of Pawtucket, the aviator who spent a large part of last summer in Newport and made flights from the Beach, has a new thriller under consideration for the coming summer. He proposes to make a try the $50,000 prize offered by the London Daily Mail for the first flight across the Atlantic, the trip to be made within 72 hours. If the attempt is made, the start will be from Newport, and a great crowd will undoubtedly be attracted here to see the start.

The offer of the big cash prize for the first flight across the ocean was made some time ago. It does not mean that the aviator must remain in the air during the whole flight, as a replenishing of the gasoline supply will be inevitable. To this end it will be necessary to have several steamers operating in connection with the flight, so that McGee can obtain supplies at different times.

The expense of the trip will be no small item, and many people prominent in aviation circles expressed surprise that a comparatively unknown man like McGee should attempt it. Although he is not well known in New York, he has an excellent reputation for skill and daring in New England, and especially in Rhode Island where he is well known.

McGee made the statement in Providence this week that he had secured a prominent Newport man to back him on his flight. This would not be surprising. While he was in Newport last summer he became well acquainted with Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby, who has been for a long time deeply interested in aviation, and who was at that time working on a new hydro-aeroplane of his own invention. Mr. Willoughby is a thorough sportsman himself and an interested patron of sport, so it would not be surprising if he should back McGee on his daring flight.

A new machine will be necessary for the flight, and it will have to be a hydro-aeroplane to permit of landing on the water. McGee will take as a passenger a wireless operator, if he can find one willing to make the attempt. The start will probably be made soon after the Fourth of July, as the weather at that time is the most favorable.

There are many Newporters who look upon the project rather skeptically, but there is no reason to believe that the attempt, at least, may not be made.

The local expressmen have been notified that a new State law regarding the moving of household effects has become operative. The last General Assembly passed a law requiring all expressmen to immediately notify the city clerk when they remove household effects. They are required to give the name of the person, and the address from which the goods were moved as well as the new address. The law was passed to prevent unscrupulous persons from taking advantage of the credit houses. It is probably more important in the larger cities than in Newport, but the Newport expressmen will have to obey the law.

Governor Pothier has vetoed the bill to prevent the dumping of refuse from dredging in lower Narragansett Bay, and in consequence some of the members of the General Assembly from this vicinity are very indignant. The bill was of interest to a number of towns in this vicinity as well as to the city of Newport, and all the members worked together to secure its passage. The domination of Providence in State affairs is clearly evident.

Mr. Chester L. Bisbee has been ordered to Fall River to serve as superintendent of the Fall River division of the Bay State Street Railway. This is a promotion for Mr. Bisbee, and his many friends here will rejoice at the step upward although regretful that it necessitates his leaving Newport. Mr. Bisbee has been superintendent of the Newport division of the road for seven years, coming here from Campello, Mass.

At the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, held in Providence on Tuesday, Andrew K. McMahon of this city was named as a member of the committee on correspondence, and Allen C. Griffith a member of the committee on state of the order.

A new metal ceiling has been installed this week in the office of the highway department in the City Hall. For years the old plaster ceiling has fallen at intervals, and that no one was injured by falling plaster was largely a matter of good luck.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Katherine Mary Kirwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett M. Kirwin, and Mr. William J. Lacey. The wedding will take place early next month.

Mrs. Avard L. Marshall is quite ill at her residence on Powel avenue. It is believed that she is suffering from gall stones, and an operation may be necessary.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening developed a number of matters for discussion, and some of them went over until the following evening before final action was taken. All the members of the board were present for the transaction of routine business but Alderman Albro left before the crushed stone matter was discussed.

Bills were approved and ordered paid.

Board of Health	$1,250.25
City Asylum	632.63
Fire department	1,420.24
Streets and highways	9,156.63
Streets and Highways, for beach work	68.81
Public schools, Ellen Townsend fund	31.20
Police	347.08
Poor department	339.35
Public parks	1,605.14
Public schools,	1,561.00
City Hall	103.58
Various city offices	748.42
Hospitals	210.89
Lighting streets	8,152.49
Dog fund	107.00
Courts	61.50
Prisons and reformatories	30.60
Touro Synagogue fund	132.60
	$21,061.21

J. J. Dugan submitted a communication stating that he would furnish crushed stone for the same price as the present contractor provided the orders were divided equally and each man had an equal haul. The matter was passed for a time, and later City Solicitor Sullivan was asked for an opinion as to the duties of the board of aldermen in such a case. He asked leave to submit a written opinion on the duties of the board at the next meeting. There was considerable discussion about the methods of department buying.

Somewhat of a surprise was sprung upon the members of the board by the receipt of seven applications for licenses to operate automobile cabs. Some of the members did not know that the council had passed an ordinance permitting the grating of such licenses, but such proved to be the case. There was opposition on the part of the drivers of horse-drawn cabs and the matter went over to the next evening.

The board fixed Wednesday, May 28, as the date for the canvass of the voting list preparatory to the special election on June 8. The City Clerk was authorized to obtain bids for erecting and taking down the small voting booths, although there was some talk that the representative council might adopt the district lines as the ward lines.

A change in the specifications at the board walk was adopted at a saving of $110. Alderman Kelly was authorized to have the playgrounds in the southern part of the city rolled, at a cost of $300. The draining will not be done this year.

The following resolution, inviting President Wilson to come to Newport, was presented by Alderman Hughes and adopted:

"Whereas, It has come to the notice of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Newport, R. I., that the President of the United States contemplated a visit to the Panama canal, and it is anticipated that the vessel to be used by the President is to be one of the navy of the United States, and

"Whereas, It is the intention of the President to disembark either at Boston, Mass., or Newport, R. I., on his return, in order that he may proceed to his summer home at Cornish, N. H., Be it

"Resolved, That His Honor, the mayor, invite Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, to arrange the itinerary of his return trip in such a manner that he may be enabled to stop at Newport, R. I., where he may have an opportunity to examine the superior advantages of Narragansett bay for the establishment of the proposed naval base for the navy of the United States."

Mayor MacLeod was also authorized to invite Hon. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, to come to Newport. Mayor MacLeod made a report on the matter of landing places for the men of the fleet, and said that athletic fields were wanted. Then came the long discussion regarding the powers and duties of the board in purchasing for the various departments.

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening this week, and again there was much business to receive attention. There was quite a gathering present, many being drawn by the controversy over the granting of automobile cab licenses.

When the applications of the seven men for licenses to operate automobile cabs were taken up, a motion to lay on the table was made and seconded. M. A. Sullivan, counsel for the applicants, was given an opportunity to speak. He said that the day of the automobile was here. Times are changing, and the horse-drawn hack is a back number. Under the ordinance the board has a right to grant the licenses asked for. Mr. F. F. Nolan, counsel for the hackmen, believed that the ordinance as drawn was too indefinite, the rates of fare not being clearly defined. He hoped that the board would remember that conditions here are peculiar. A number of others spoke, and the applications were then laid on the table.

Another matter that attracted considerable attention was the matter of buying crushed stone. Mayor MacLeod reported that the present contractor is not willing to divide the contract, and in the Mayor's opinion, there was no reason why he should be forced to. After some discussion, it was decided to allow the crushed stone matter to go along as at present.

There was considerable routine business to be transacted. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved. The supervisors at the city election last December were re-appointed for the special election next month. Several minor licenses were granted.

A new agreement with the Newport Beach Association, providing for the payment of interest on the bonds for Beach improvements was read, and after a few minor changes was approved. The agreement provides for the payment of the interest during the time of the lease, and the board felt that after that the city would be protected by having the new lessee guarantee it.

The board found that probably 100 new bathhouses could be built this year from the amount remaining after paying for other improvements, and the city clerk was authorized to advertise for bids for their construction. Other Beach matters were discussed and action taken.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Edward M. Neill.

Mrs. Katherine R., widow of Col. Edward M. Neill, died at "Longacre," her residence on Old Beach road, on Thursday after a very short illness. She was about eighty years of age, but had been in excellent health until a short time before her death.

Mrs. Neill was a member of the well known Stuyvesant family of New York, and was connected with many of the older of New York families. In 1878, Colonel and Mrs. Neill first came to Newport for their summer home, at first living on Kay street. About 22 years ago they purchased the Bolt cottage and expended a large amount for improvements. They became permanent residents of Newport and took a deep interest in all that pertained to the city.

Mrs. Neill is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Walter Norman Eldridge and Miss Katherine Neill. A brother, Mr. Robert Stuyvesant, resides in New York, and Mrs. Rodgers, wife of Rear Admiral Raymond Perry Rodgers, is a sister.

"Singin' Skewl."

Jedediah Bassets' village choir will be produced at the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings May 12 and 13. Some of Newport's best musical talent are now rehearsing and Mr. Basset of New York will be choir master of "Punkin Ridge." Those who attended his "Singin' Skewl" at his last appearance here will well remember him.

A rescript has been handed down in the Walker divorce case, reducing the amount that Mr. Walker is required to pay his divorced wife. The case was argued before Judge Barrows some time ago, and the rescript is signed by him. The monthly allowance was originally fixed by Judge Baker at $300, but this was reduced some time ago to $250. Judge Barrows has now further reduced it to $150.

A number of the ships of the Atlantic fleet have been in and out during the past week, and at times quite a number of sailors have been seen on the streets. The entire fleet will be in the Bay before long, and then things will really be lively again. There is already a brisk demand for rooms in private houses, many of the petty officers wishing to bring their wives and families to Newport for the summer.

The Memorial Day committee has decided to decorate the graves of deceased comrades which are outside the city proper, on the previous day, in order that the work of that committee may be facilitated. Mr. F. S. Grand d'Hauteville has sent his check for ten dollars to the committee.

A committee arrived from som Linster, Mass., on Tuesday to investigate the workings of Newport's city charter. They came through by auto and were due here at 10 a. m., but did not arrive until afternoon. They had a talk with city officials and learned considerable about the charter.

Master Joe Libby, the young son of Mrs. William T. Libby, was knocked down by a light delivery wagon on lower Broadway Monday afternoon. Although the wagon passed over his leg he escaped with nothing worse than severe bruises.

Friday was Arbor Day, and as it was a State holiday, the banks and city offices were closed for the day. In the public schools there were exercises in keeping with the character of the day.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nina B. Horgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Horgan, and Mr. Benjamin M. McLyman.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, with Judge John W. Sweeney, one of the new justices, on the bench. There was considerable business for the court, the session lasting all day. A number of assignments for trial at the June session were made, and it looks now as though the next term of court would be a long and busy one.

There was a hearing in Zilpha E. Downing vs. Dorothea C. and Ray B. Tallman, involving real estate in Portsmouth. The title was said to be somewhat confused, and by agreement of counsel a decree was entered ordering a sale of the property, the proceeds to be turned into the court, and all the rights of the Savings Bank of Newport to be protected. This is a case in which there had been considerable dispute, and it was thought advisable to have the property protected from deterioration.

Final decrees were entered in the following divorce cases: John M. Morrison vs. Margaret M. Morrison, Eva C. Hare vs. James Hare, Bessie A. Thompson, vs. James M. Thompson, Christina A. Gadsby vs. William Gadsby, Ernest J. Duncan vs. Letia M. Duncan, Bessie Quarles vs. Harry Quarles, Isabel D. Flint vs. Horace W. Flint, Elizabeth J. Stadler vs. Harry E. L. Stadler.

Judgment was entered by default in the Tiverton case of Arthur F. Cory vs. Maria A. Hambly, the plaintiff being the only witness. The amount of the judgment was $727.65.

There was a long hearing in another of those cases that involve title to Newport property running back through many generations. This was the case of William E. Dennis et al vs. Max David trustee. It is claimed that Dennis avenue and Arch avenue are ancient public ways, in which are sewers belonging to complainants and that the respondent threatened to obstruct the public highways. Judge Sweeney and the counsel in the case took a view of the premises in the morning, and in the afternoon were swamped with deeds dating back almost from time immemorial. When the court adjourned Tuesday night, the case was continued until Thursday afternoon.

When the court came in on Thursday afternoon the Dennis—David case was heard further. More evidence was submitted bearing on the question of titles, and then there was an almost informal discussion between Judge and counsel. The court finally decided to modify the original injunction, allowing the respondent to build his wharf as planned provided the two sewers are not interfered with.

Mr. John Taylor Terry, one of the oldest of New York business men, died at his home in New York on Sunday at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He was the father of Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry of this city. He was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1822, and at the age of twenty years entered the employ of E. D. Morgan in New York in a minor capacity. He rose rapidly, and after the death of Mr. Morgan became the active head of the large firm, a position that he filled with credit for many years. He was also associated with many other large organizations and corporations in various capacities. He is survived by two sons, Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., of this city, and Mr. John Taylor Terry, Jr., of New York.

There was a sudden rush of business at the city clerk's office on Wednesday which required the calling in of extra clerical help for a couple of days. Copies of old records were required by counsel in the Dennis—David case, which was on trial in the Superior Court, and the number was so great that the regular force was unable to handle them alone.

Monday, May 5th, was observed to some extent as the anniversary of the declaration of independence by the Rhode Island Legislature. The actual date fell on Sunday, and what observance there was fell on Monday. The gun squad of the Newport Artillery fired a salute at noon, and in the public schools there was some observance of the day.

The movement to form a veteran organization, composed of honorably discharged members of the Newport Artillery Company, seems to be meeting with favor. A meeting of those interested was held last evening, at which it was planned to take steps to perfect the organization.

Mr. J. Stacy Brown, Jr., has won the championship of the Rogers High School at tennis by defeating L. H. Hobbs. The school tennis team, under Captain Brown, goes to Cambridge today to participate in the interscholastic tournament under the auspices of Harvard.

Mr. Alfred J. King, who has been confined to his house for several weeks with severe stomach trouble, is able to be out.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

SPECIAL COUNCIL MEETING.

A special meeting of the Town Council was held at the Town Hall to canvass the voting-list.

The Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company, was given permission to locate a pole on East Main Road opposite Turnpike avenue, Frank C. Cory committee.

Louis F. Curran was granted a victualler's license at Island Park.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: John B. Cornell, services as janitor for Town Hall ending May 13, $33.44; Benjamin Tallman, services as Town Treasurer for quarter ending May 1st, $75; George R. Hicks, Town Clerk salary for quarter ending May 12th, $250; stationery $3.05; postage $3.25; telephone $2.10; $258.40; William H. Tallman surveyor of Highway, District, No. 3, repairs $39.37.

It was voted that the "Post" Cane, held so long by the late Peleg A. Coggeshall, be presented to Andrew A. Chase, he being the oldest man in the town. Henry Anthony was appointed a committee to make the presentation.

An inventory of the estate of Joshua Shove Fish was recorded, and Benjamin Tallman, executor, was given permission to sell personal estate at private sale.

The council then canvassed the voting list preparatory to the financial town meeting May 7th, 14 names being taken off and one added.

CHURCH MEETING.

The Sunday School lesson was omitted and the hour devoted to business at the Christian Church on Sunday morning it being anniversary Sunday when the annual business meeting was held. The report of the secretary was read. The total membership of the Sunday School is sixty-eight. Four members have received the gold pin this year and three members the wreath. The treasurer's report was read. There is a total of $202.26 in the treasury. The librarian stated that there are 667 books in the library.

The 12 members having the best record of attendance, therefore being honor scholars were Joseph Senlance, Edwin Loucks, Mary Paquin, John Paquin, Albert Purcell, James Billings, Helen Walker, Margaret Paquin, George Sweet, Alice Coggeshall, Lloyd Sisson and Eva Walker.

The officers elected are the same as last year with the exception of Mrs. Charles Gribbell who declined re-election. Rev. Albert Loucks was chosen to fill the vacancy. Mrs. George G. Brawley superintendent of the home department, who has been prevented from attending to her duties because of her ill health, asked to be released, and her request was granted.

GRANGE MEETING.

At the regular meeting of Portsmouth Grange the lecturer Charles E. Boyd, presented a very pleasing program. Mr. Clinton Copeland gave a cornet solo accompanied by Mrs. Jesse L. Durfee. Dr. DeBlois gave vocal and instrumental solos. A play entitled "Jason Stebbins Courtin'" was read. Those taking part were as follows: Charles E. Boyd, Clara Anthony, Mrs. George Hart, Isaac L. Fish, Jr., Miss Alice Marshall, reader. Professor Guess (John Marshall) gave some very clever crayon sketches.

A sketch entitled "Coon Creek Courtship" was also on the program. Mrs. George W. Hart took the part of "Sallie Grindstone" and Charles E. Boyd was "Johnnie Overalls." An auction of May-baskets followed, arranged by Miss Esther Bishop, Miss Norma Coggeshall and Miss Clara Anthony with H. Frank Anthony as auctioneer. The feast committee, Mrs. George W. Hart, Miss Clara Anthony, Miss Norma Coggeshall, Miss Esther Bishop, Mr. Charles E. Boyd and Isaac L. Fish, Jr., served sandwiches, cake and coffee. At the business meeting degrees were worked on ten candidates. Four names were presented for admission. Sixty-five were present.

Robert Rohauge and his wife Olga Rohauge who have bought the Benjamin B. White farm on Middle Road are making extensive improvements. The interior of the house is to be greatly changed, a piazza and a bay-window added, a cellar to be dug under a part of the house, and a new chimney to be erected. They intend to set out a large orchard of fruit trees. Mr. Rohauge is an officer connected with the naval coaling Station at Bradford (Portsmouth Grove.)

Those who attended the Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting of Friends in East Greenwich were, Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Macomber, Miss M. Frois Macomber, Misses Marguerite and Grace Holman, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, Mrs. Perry Chase, Rev. James M. Estes, Mrs. Eunice A. Greene, Mrs. George W. Sherman, Mrs. Edward Ruggles, Mr. John W. Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. William T. H. Sowle.

Mrs. Frank L. Tallman is seriously ill. On Saturday she went alone to Fall River and while there she was taken ill and carried into a drug store. She was taken to the home of a relative, Mr. James K. Tallman, being too ill to go home. On Sunday a trained nurse, Miss Katherine Cozzens of Newport was engaged and Mrs. Tallman was brought home.

At a recent meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church it was voted to repeal the vote of a few weeks ago to incorporate the society. The society agreed that the meetings would be more informal and friendly to keep the society as it is.

Miss Evelyn B. Chase, a member of Wm. Barton Chapter, D. A. R., gave a whist party at the home of her sister Mrs. D. Frank Hall. The proceeds are to go for re-setting the flag-pole at the Town Hall.

Mrs. Sarah Jordon Elliott, wife of Wm. J. Elliott of Newport has sold her place on Glen Road containing one acre of land, with a dwelling house, barn and orchard, to Micheal J. Murphy of So. Portsmouth.

The two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith are ill with measles.

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

(Copyright by the International Press Bureau.)

A TRAIL OF INK

How a Clever Bank "Kiter" Was Run Down on a Slender Clue

The National Bankers' Protective association is an organization formed by the bankers of this country to protect themselves and the money in their care from the onslaughts of that considerable class of sharp-witted and reckless men who live by "working banks."

This class is divided into two minor classes—the "rough workers" and the "kiters." The former phrase is used in detective parlance to designate the gentlemen who travel around the country and blow bank safes. The "kiters" are the persons who obtain money by forgery, raised checks, altered drafts, false identifications, and other misrepresentations. Although the safe-blowers get more space in the papers, because of the spectacular character of their achievements, they are the least troublesome of these two types of criminals. A couple of yeggmen will blow a safe in a country bank in Painted Post, Neb., shoot the town marshal in the leg, and get away with $5,000, and the press of the country will ring with the news. But all the time there is going on the shrewd, silent work of the "kiter," which seldom gets into the papers, but which continually is costing bankers and depositors thousands of dollars.

To catch a "yeggman"—a safe-blower—is nothing more or less than straight police work. To catch a "kiter" is a problem of intricate detective work, for the "kiter" is a man of brains, where the "yegg" is merely one of force, and the former knows better than anyone in the world how to cover his tracks to escape detection. There is living in California at the present time an old gentleman who retired on a pension granted him several years ago by a combination of bankers who calculated that it would be better to pay him to remain honest than to risk losses from his skilful methods of forgery.

It is hardly likely that banking history of this country will see such another incident. The National Bankers' Protective Agency employs the Burns Detective Agency to do all its work now, and no matter how shrewd a forger may be, how scientific his methods, the Burns system, backed by the Bankers' association, is sure to get him in the long run. At the same time there are hundreds of men—mostly young fellows in desperate financial straits—who tempt fate by passing bad bank paper. Such criminals are soon run to earth. It is the old scientific fox, the man who has made "kiting" a profession, who makes trouble; and the first one of these gentlemen that I ran down while working as a Burns detective was the best of the lot.

In Medillion, N. Y., there are three banks, the Old National, the First National and the Farmers' and Merchants'. One Monday morning the office manager of our agency came down to the office to find on his desk a telegram from each of these banks requesting that a man be sent up at once.

"A job for you, Cornell," said the manager, handing me the messages. "Beat it up there as soon as you can."

I caught a Lackawanna train at 10:30, and at seven in the evening I was registering in the best hotel in Medillion, a town of 7,500 people. After three days' work I had unravelled the following tale of what had happened to the banks of Medillion:

A month before a man named Clawson, who conducted the most prosperous coal yard of the town, had decided to sell out and retire from business. He had advertised the sale in a retail coal trade publication that circulated among coal dealers throughout the country. In a few days, or to be precise, just three weeks before I arrived in town, a prosperous, energetic looking man had appeared in answer to the advertisement. He introduced himself as Milton K. Jenkins, said he had been in the coal business years before, in Chicago, had quit it and gone to New York, where he had been working as a coal salesman for the last five years. The death of an uncle, said he, recently had placed him in possession of a little money. He wanted to get into business for himself. He wanted to get out of the grind and worry of the city. He wanted to be his own boss. He had been in Medillion once before and liked the town. As soon as he had seen Clawson's advertisement he had said to his wife, "There's the place for us, Jennie, if the business is any good," and had hied himself straight away to the town.

"Now," said he energetically, "show me what you've got to sell."

The man's knowledge of the coal business was so complete as to assure Clawson at once that he was talking to an old and shrewd hand in that line. His bearing and address had all the earmarks of success and forcefulness. He knew how much coal cost at the mines down in Pennsylvania, how much freight rates were, and what coal ought to sell for in Medillion. He smiled appreciatively when Clawson showed him his books and demonstrated that the people of Medillion were willing to pay even a little more than what coal ought to sell for in that town.

"I see you know the game, too," he said; and Clawson naturally was a little flattered.

Clawson named a price of $5,500 on his plant as it lay then, in the early summer with little stock in it. This was an unreasonable price, and Jenkins said so at once.

"Five thousand is the top-notch price I can see myself paying for it," said he, "and probably $4,500 will be what it looks like when I've looked it over carefully."

Clawson grumbled that $5,500 was his only price, but inwardly he was pleased. He had set $4,000 as what he expected to realize from his sale.

Jenkins began to go into the details of the business with him as no one but a man skilled in that line could do. He covered the field with his investigations and questions in a way that aroused Clawson's admiration.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "you can do twice as much business here as I did. You can teach them all something about the coal business."

"I know something about it," admitted Jenkins. "You haven't hustled quite enough. Don't you know that you ought to get a couple of factories into this town? I do. I got one in view now that I could bring here possibly. But you'll never get $5,500 out of me for your business."

Finally he wrote a check for $250 on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York city for a five days' option at $5,000.

At the same time that he was dickering for the business Jenkins began to make inquiries about a home. Here again his evident character as an experienced and forceful business man asserted itself.

Clawson, quite convinced that he would make his sale at a price satisfactory to himself, eagerly carried Jenkins over to a real estate man named Cross and introduced him as a new and valuable addition to the population of Medillion.

Cross, likewise, was deeply impressed by Jenkins. He had no doubt of his ability to pay for the best house for sale in town, and Jenkins was at once taken out and shown a desirable property. It was an old homestead with large grounds and in good repair, and the price was $5,000. It was a fair price. Jenkins agreed at once to this. He went through the house carefully.

"Just about the kind of a place Jennie—my wife—would like," he said. "I'll get her up to take a look at it."

Cross had promptly begun the real estate man's old song: "Well, Mr. Jenkins, there are two or three other parties interested in this property, and I expect an offer for it almost any moment. If you want—"

"Anybody got an option on it?" asked Jenkins.

"No."

"Give me a three-day option on it for $200," said Jenkins. "I'd close with you now, but my wife always wants a finger in the home pie." He wrote a check for $200 on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York city.

The third man in the net was Flink, the big furniture man of the town. He came in the third day, when Mrs. Jenkins, a prepossessing, well dressed woman, came to town. By this time the news had been printed in the town's little daily paper that Mr. Jenkins of New York was buying out Clawson's coal yard and purchasing the old homestead from Cross for a home. Also, it was rumored, Mr. Jenkins was connected with several manufacturing enterprises which were considering Medillion as a possible location.

Mrs. Jenkins came into Flink's Furniture Emporium, and with the good-natured assistance of Jenkins began to pick out furniture for their new home. She had taste and an apparently generous pocketbook. Flink rubbed his hands as he saw her pick nothing but the most expensive stuff in his store. He extended himself to please Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. The bill for the articles that Mrs. Jenkins had set aside ran up to $1,200.

"It will be some days before we want them sent up," said she. "But when we do want them it will be in a hurry."

A deposit of one hundred dollars was made, and the pair departed. The deposit was in the form of a check on the Twenty-fifth Street Bank of New York.

Clawson, Cross and Flink hurried at once to their banks with their checks. Clawson banked at the Old National, Cross at the First National, and Flink at the Farmers' and Merchants'. The checks were taken for collection—and proved good.

Jenkins made such an impression that the Chamber of Commerce invited him as an honored guest to its weekly meeting. He was looked upon a citizen to be welcomed with open arms. Said the president of the Chamber of Commerce in introducing him: "Mr. Jenkins is what we need and want: a thorough-going hustler."

He was. At the end of a week's dickering with Clawson, he agreed to buy the coal yard at $4,750, $2,500 to be paid at once, and the remainder on six months' time. He wrote a check as before for the $2,500.

"And by the way, Clawson," he said, "Wish you'd take me down and introduce me to your banker. I'll have to transfer my account here in a few days."

Clawson accordingly introduced Jenkins to the Old National bank in a cordial manner. As soon as he had been properly identified Jenkins presented a draft issued by the Twenty-Fifth Street bank for $1,625. The cashier paid it without a murmur of suspicion.

From Clawson, Jenkins went to Cross, and within half an hour he had repeated his operation at the First National, there cashing a draft for $1,510. From Cross he went to Flink, and Flink accommodatingly identified him at the Farmers' and Merchants', where he secured $1,800 on a similar draft.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins left Medillion. Next day the banks discovered that the drafts were all forgeries. The forms on which they were issued were mere cheap imitations of the Twenty-fifth Street Bank's paper. Hurried telegrams went to the New York bank:

"How much is Jenkins' balance?"

The answer came: "Eighteen dollars and eleven cents."

The Medillion banks had been cleverly stung.

This was the story that I gathered thread by thread when I investigated the trouble in Medillion.

To trace Jenkins I had specimens of his hand-writing, excellent descriptions of him, and the knowledge that he was an expert in the coal business. Beyond that—nothing. He had come to Medillion, played a little, and flitted away from $4,435 of the bankers' money. He had left no trail to follow. He was a thorough-going "kiter."

Back in New York I found that Jenkins had been a depositor of the Twenty-fifth Street Bank for only a short time. Nothing was known of him there. He had left no trace. So far as any trail was concerned the existence of Jenkins began with his appearance at this bank and ended with his disappearance from Medillion. None of the clumsy little tracks left by the crude criminal were to be found in this case. He had just come, had got the money, and had gone. He was an artist.

"Well," said Chief Burns, "it looks as if a new 'kiter' had begun work among the banks in dead earnest. But I've seen work that resembles this before."

We hunted through our records, and sure enough, the same methods that had worked in Medillion had been used in Michigan about a year before. A coal man had advertised his business for sale, a prospective purchaser had appeared, had established his credit, had cashed drafts through introductions to the local banks, and had flitted, no one knew where. And no one had discovered.

Going back still further we found that about a year before another case of the same sort had been reported from Iowa. This was before the Burns agency began to handle the Bankers' Protective association's business. We hunted through all the records we could find, and as near as we could judge, about once every twelve months a man appeared in some small town as Jenkins had appeared in Medillion, and put over about the same kind of a job. The man never had been apprehended or even located. Upon investigating these old cases we found that the "kiter" always used a different name, that he was sometimes shaved, sometimes bearded, sometimes spiritedly dressed, and sometimes quietly—but always he was a coal man of forceful character and apparent success. It was obvious that he and our "Mr. Jenkins" were one and the same man.

A hurried flitting around the country placed in my possession the various specimens of handwriting that had been left by the "kiter." At first I was amazed and disappointed to discover that they were all apparently the work of different men; but a few days' work on the part of our handwriting expert demonstrated that one man had written them all, but that he had so skilfully disguised his hand on each occasion as to make each specimen entirely different in appearance from the others. My respect for my quarry grew immensely at this revelation. The man was absolutely the cleverest forger I ever had heard of.

Now I knew that the Jenkins who had fooled the banks in Medillion was an old and expert hand at crime, that he had worked at it for at least six years, and that he seemed to do only one job a year. And still I was as far away from any apparent clew as when I started on the case. Somewhere in America this forceful, clever fellow was living on the proceeds of his crime. But what a task to look for him! For this Jenkins was not of the criminal type. He would not be found by hunting among crooks. He might be anywhere and in almost any plane of society.

The only physical proof that I had of the existence of Jenkins was his variously disguised hand-writing. This was the only trace that he had left of his presence. But this was enough, as it proved.

I will not tire the reader with telling about the weary weeks of futile toil I spent at first on the Jenkins case. They were weeks of searching and researching without finding anything. Nothing interesting happened in that time. But in the end, after the weariest sort of digging, I finally unearthed the salient fact that all of the coal men who had been the means of attracting the fatal Jenkins to their towns had advertised their business for sale in the same coal trade publication.

This publication was a small weekly issued at Philadelphia. It went only to retail coal dealers. It was not for sale on newsstands, nor was it to be found in any library in the country. It had 2,752 subscribers, and these were about the only people in the country who knew that such a publication existed. Reasoning the thing out it seemed possible to suppose that Jenkins for years had been a constant reader of this paper.

The case for this theory summed up thus:

Six certain men had published in this paper ads offering for sale a coal business, which Jenkins had answered.

These particular ads had appeared in a space covering six years.

In three cases at least he had asserted that he had seen the advertisement in this publication.

He was so familiar with all the up-to-date news of the trade that he could hardly have obtained it any other way than reading closely the gossip of a trade paper.

Against this of course was the possibility that Jenkins had merely hit upon these particular coal yards by accident. At all events, this was the only clue that I had to work on.

In Philadelphia I found the publisher of the coal paper to be a crabbed old fellow who would have nothing to do with me at first. I looked around and found that he was head-over-heels in debt, and that his bank held two notes against him which they were threatening to call in, which action would have put the old fellow out of business. The president of the bank, on my request, wrote a little note, and upon its presentation the publisher was glad to turn over for my inspection all his records. Together with the hand-writing expert I set to work on all the letters that the old man had in the office.

Fortunately the old fellow was of a suspicious habit of mind. Whenever anyone sent in an order for a subscription he not only placed the order on his books, but he filed away the original letter, to produce if the subscriber denied payment. He had over 2,500 of these letters, and our task was to look at each one and compare the signatures with the various disguised hand-writings of Jenkins. For I had decided that about the only way of getting a line on our man lay in the possibility that he was a subscriber to the coal trade paper, and that he had written a signed letter to the editor.

As the expert was looking over the 1,200th letter he jumped up with a shout.

"Here's our man!" he cried, and threw over to me a letter signed "A. J. Cummings, Neria, Ohio."

To the layman this signature was totally different from any of those we had found left by Jenkins, but the expert quickly proved that it was from the same hand.

The letter was written on Cummings' letter-head—he was in the coal and wood business in Neria—and was for a five years' subscription to the paper. Trains didn't run fast enough to suit me after that. I raced up to Medillion and got Clawson and Cross and Flink together. I wired the cashiers of banks in other towns who had been fleeced by Jenkins. I went to Neria, Ohio, a tiny town of 1,500 people, and got a spot on Cummings. He was a coal merchant—but I found that he was frequently absent from Neria for weeks at a time. And nobody knew where he went on these occasions.

I wired my bankers and the trio in Medillion:

"Come on to Neria and look him over."

They came as fast as trains could carry them. I pointed Jenkins out to them as he walked down the street. They recognized him, every man Jack of them, as "Jenkins."

Clawson went up and held out his hand.

"Hello, Jenkins," he said.

"You are mistaken," was the answer. "Cummings is my name."

"It is here," said Cross, stepping up, "but in Medillion it was Jenkins, all right."

"Yes," said Flink. "Why didn't you come back for your furniture?"

Cummings—Jenkins—looked around wildly. On every side of him he saw cashiers from the banks that he had swindled in the last six years. They greeted him by the different names he had used in their towns. Then I stepped up and showed him the letter he had written to the coal paper.

"But for this," I said, "we might never have got you."

Cummings was smart enough to see that the game was up. He made a complete confession, clearing up a lot of mysterious bank forgeries, and took [illegible] years in Auburn prison. His wife went free. She fought the case, alleging that Jenkins had forced her to help him by threats of death. She got a young jury, and she was a pretty, youthful looking woman.

We didn't care much about her, however. Jenkins—or rather Cummings—was the brains of the outfit, and we had put him where his brains couldn't do our clients any harm.

Cummings-Jenkins looked around wildly.

ADVENTURE WITH BIG SNAKE

Algot Lange's Description of His Encounter With a Fifty-Six Foot Boa Constrictor.

In his new book, "In the Amazon Jungles," (Putnam), Algot Lange tells of his encounter with a fifty-six foot boa constrictor: "On a soft muddy sand bar, half hidden by dead branches, I beheld a somewhat cone shaped mass about seven feet in height. From the base of this came the neck and head of the snake, flat on the ground, with beady eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled, forming an enormous pile of round, scaly monstrosity, large enough to crush us all to death at once. We had stopped

CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

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1.05 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	4.45 a. m.	12.00 noon
†4.05 p. m.	11.30 p. m.	10.02 a. m.	3.55 p. m.
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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect March 2, 1913.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.03, 7.18, 9.18 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.14, 11.02 a. m., 3.06, 5.03, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.08, 7.18, 9.18 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 9.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.08, 7.18, 9.18 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 8.15, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Hyannis—6.50, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Provincetown—6.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.00 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.08, 7.18 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a.m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.08, 7.18, 9.18, p. m.

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Bay State Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

In effect September 9, 1912.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISHEF, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 168.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 20 min.), via Middletown (70 min.), Portsmouth (40 min.) Island Park (52 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.), *6.10, 6.50, 7.50, 8.10, 8.50, 9.20, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *5.10, *5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *5.45, 6.20, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Tilt Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40, every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.42, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.37. (Change at Franklin Street).

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

* Note—Does not run on Sunday.

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at a distance of about fifteen feet from him, and looked at each other. I felt as if I were spellbound, unable to move a step farther or even to think or act on my own initiative.

"The snake still made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing; its yellow eyes seeming to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear, nor any inclination to retreat, yet I was now facing a beast that few men had ever succeeded in seeing. Thus we stood looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the great silent monster looked at us. I slid my right hand down to the holster of my automatic pistol, the 9mm, Luger, and slowly removed the safety lock, at the same time staring into the faces of the man. In this manner I was less under the spell of the mesmerism of the snake, and could to some extent think and act.

"I wheeled around while I still held control of my faculties, and, perceiving a slight movement of the snake's coils, I fired point blank at the head, letting go the entire chamber of soft nose bullets. Instantly the other men woke up from their trance and in their turn fired, emptying their Winchesters into the huge head, which by this time was raised to a great height above us, loudly hissing in agony.

"Our wild yelling echoed through the deep forest. The snake uncoiled itself and writhing with pain made for the water's edge. By this time we were relieved of the terrible suspense, but we took care to keep at a respectful distance from the struggling reptile and the powerful lashing of the tail, which would have killed a man with one blow."

BELASCO STRONG ON REALISM

Theatrical Producer Insists That Everything on the Stage Shall Be in Perfect Harmony.

David Belasco is famous for his attention to minute detail in the staging of the plays which he produces. He even passed on the kinds of nails and tacks used in the building of his scenery. But he surpassed himself this season when he put on "The Case of Becky, a play which deals with hypnotic suggestion. The first and second acts of the piece take place in the office of a sanitarium and the physician in charge is noted as a great authority on hypnotism.

Soon after the first production of the play Belasco was showing a friend all the scenic effects of the production. On the desk of the physician was stationery stamped with the fictitious name of the sanitarium.

"This," explained the producer, "is merely a small detail to create the impression in the minds of the actors that they are in a real sanitarium instead of on the stage."

He then threw open the door of a large bookcase which ordinarily would have contained dummy volumes.

"There," he explained in a matter-of-fact tone, "is the best library in this country on hypnotism and suggestion. It contains 400 volumes on those subjects, and I have been collecting them for the past two years. It is much better to have the real books in the book cases. It makes the man who plays the specialist believe that he really knows something about the subject."

A Serious One.

"What do you think is the real, most vital problem of the race?"

"That's easy. To pick the winner."

"Subject" and "Citizen."

A subject is one who owes allegiance to a sovereign and is governed by his laws. A citizen is a member of a state or nation; one bound to the state by reciprocal obligation of allegiance on the one hand and protection on the other. A German in his own country is both subject and citizen. If he becomes naturalized in this country he becomes a citizen of the United States and is no longer a subject of anybody. If he does not become naturalized here he remains a citizen of Germany and a subject of the kaiser.

Tonsilotomy Overdone.

The tonsil is useful in human throats, also animal throats. When a tonsil is so large as to almost fill the throat, it will be well to remove a portion of it. An adenoid, unless it is large enough to fill the breathing space at the back of the nostrils, will do no harm to let it stay and no good to remove it. Neither will colds be prevented or their cure hastened by any tonsil or adenoid operation.—Exchange.

Point He Had Overlooked.

The story is told of a man who bought a gallon of gin to take home, and by way of a label wrote his name upon a pickup card which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. His son, observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awfully careless way to leave that liquor." "Why?" "Because some one might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

He Had Learned It.

"We are living in a grand and wonderous age," remarked a railway passenger to a stranger who occupied the seat beside him. "Invention is rampant everywhere." "Yes," said his companion, "that's about what I observed to a witness in a lawsuit against me recently; there are more liars to the square yard now than there used to be to the acre."

Holman Hunt's Failures.

Gambart, the art dealer, sent Holman Hunt to the holy land to paint a picture similar to the "Light of the World." Hunt returned with "The Scapegoat," which so disappointed Gambart that he refused to accept it. Seeing Linnell, the painter, shortly afterward, he plaintively said: "I wanted a nice religious picture, and he painted me a great goat."

Hodge-Podge.

Gone in the spirit land—Bostonian now visiting Kentucky.

We are told that rest is a great beautifier—yet bobbed are not handsome.

From a school examination paper: Positive, much; comparative, not much; superlative, nothing.

On a bill of fare we read: "Devilled crab a la diable!"—which somehow reminded us of the man who ordered "a small demi-tasse of black cafe noir."

A southern paper prints this bright bit from a correspondent: The difference between life and love is that life's just one damned thing after another and love's two damned things after one another.

Shifting Responsibility.

A town character who had been in trouble with the police many times was arrested recently on a minor criminal charge. The arresting officer was amazed when the fellow appeared in police court with a lawyer, prepared to make a defense. Finally his case was called and the judge asked:

"Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Let my lawyer plead not guilty for me, judge," was the reply. "I ain't got the nerve."—Kansas City Star.

No Test Required.

"Our product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff today that has not been tested."

"We manage to sell our product without testing it."

"That's odd. What do you sell?"

"Dynamite."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Good Sell.—I was walking down a crowded street in the shopping district when I met a well-dressed man carrying a valise. He seemed unconscious of the fact that an amused crowd was following him.

I turned to look as he passed me, and I saw a paper dangling at his coat tail, with the words "Kick me" roughly written on it. I turned back and joined his followers to see what would happen.

He stopped at a show window and seemed greatly interested, while we gathered around and waited. When he turned to leave he showed surprise at the circle around him, but suddenly he opened his valise and pulled out a little iron implement.

"I have here," he began, the "quickest, cheapest and neatest potato peeler—"

I bought one.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A nice but not especially clever young man went to a little evening party in the east end last week—so the story goes.

This young man was introduced to several pretty girls, but he showed a distinct preference for a certain one of these, and her he led to supper and distinguished among all others by his favors. Finally he got her into a corner and stammered forth his admiration thus:

"I like you a lot."

"Why do you like me?"

"You're the only college girl I ever liked."

"But why am I?"

"Aw—all the other college girls seem to know so much."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Had the Last Word. A lecturer was annoyed by a man in the audience, who insisted on rising and asking questions. "Sit down, you ass!" said a second man, jumping up. "Sit down you, too," cried a third man; "you are both asses."

"There seems to be plenty of asses about tonight," put in the lecturer calmly; "but for heaven's sake let us hear one at a time."

"Well, you go on then," said the first man, resuming his seat.—Boston Transcript.

Annoying Speed Limit—An old man nearly eighty years old walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate," the old man replied genially. "That is I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back some."—Youth's Companion.

Suicide by Dynamite.

A workman, determining to commit suicide, placed a stick of dynamite inside his clothes and exploded it. He succeeded only in being horribly burned. A second attempt was equally abortive. Then he dragged himself home and got more dynamite, and went into a nearby field and placed a stick in his mouth and blew his head to pieces.

Simplify Life.

I do believe in simplicity. It is astonishing as well as sad, how many trivial affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to in a day; how singular an affair he thinks he must omit. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem he first frees the equation of all incumbrances and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real.—From Thoreau "Letters."

Friendship.

A friend advises by his whole behavior, and never condescends to particulars. Another chides away a fault; he loves it away. While he sees the other's error, he is silently conscious of it, and only the more loves truth itself, and assists his friend in loving it till the fault is expelled and gently extinguished.—Thoreau, in "Spring."

On a Needle Point.

Indirectly Pasteur solved the famous mediaeval problem: "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" Sir W. Crookes said that, altering the word "angels" to "devils," he had found that, of one of the deadliest diseases that had ever scourged mankind, 500 of the malefcent microbes—veritable devils—could, without overcrowding, find a place on the point of the finest needle.

Habitual Thought Counts.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do.—Scottish Reformer.

SPLENDORS OF SPACE.

Matchless Beauty of the Milky Way as Seen in a Telescope.

The Milky way, or galaxy, is an apparent ring extending entirely around the universe of stars visible in the largest telescope. It is composed of suns in literal millions. They are so remote that, as seen from the earth, they appear to be close to each other, while really they are separated by millions and billions of miles. To the eye the belt of soft light looks like a continuous band of cloth of pearl, but telescopes have the effect of bringing objects nearer. This separates the filmy cloud into many millions of glittering but minute points on the black background of space. At a distance forest trees seem to be close together, but as they are approached they separate and stand alone.

It is next to impossible to describe the matchless beauty of the Milky way as seen in a telescope of great power. Carpet a large room with black velvet. Hang many electric lights in the ceiling. Throw down and scatter all over the black door a bushel of minute diamonds, rubies, pearls, saphires, opals, amethysts and other gems. Then turn on the light.

You would have a faint imitation of the supernal glories of the galactic hosts. For the appalling depths of space look black in our great telescopes. In places these suns look by perspective as though they were arranged in piles, heaps and banks or built up into colossal windows, or twisted into spirals, or dashed into wisps and cosmic spray. In some places the concentration is so great and dense that only the most powerful telescopes on earth can magnify enough to bring out details. A few clusters exist that have not so far been resolved into these needle points.

And the height of human happiness is to watch these vast congeries of distant suns in a huge telescope.—George Wharton James in National Magazine.

TURNED INTO STONE.

Petrified Objects Are Common In Regions Where Limestone Prevails.

Petrified objects are found in a great many sections of the world, most of them in sections where limestone is prevalent.

Petrified wood is quite common. Bits of wood, pieces of bark and small twigs are the more common, but in some places whole logs are found, and these are so well petrified as to show the bark as perfect as when the tree was growing. Different kinds of wood petrify. It depends more on the amount of lime than on the quality of timber.

In Arizona whole trees are petrified, and, in fact, whole forests have been turned into stone, and some wonderful specimens are to be found there. The petrified trees are sometimes cut up and converted into various articles of value.

Petrified moss is found in many places. It is very beautiful. Petrified grasses, leaves of trees and petrified nuts and fruits have been discovered in some places. Petrified reptiles and small animals have also been found.

Cobs from which the grains of corn have been removed make rather curious petrifications. One of the most curious found is that of a piece of honeycomb turned into solid stone, but showing every honey cell perfectly shaped and equally distributed just as the honey bees had built it. If the comb had contained honey the water had dissolved that, for the cells were empty.

Petrified human remains are not uncommon. In some of the cemeteries in sections where limestone prevails in abundance bodies have been lifted to move them to other cemeteries, and they were found to be turned to stone.—Harper's Weekly.

In Private.

As he started out with the bushel of ashes he walked into a clothes line that he didn't see.

When he had picked himself out of the ash pile and recovered his hat he stood in the back yard and relieved his feelings.

"Henry," called his wife.

"Well?" he snapped.

"Don't stand out there to do it. Come straight into the house and tell me that it's all my fault."—Detroit Free Press.

Two Gifts.

They both had sections of the paper.

"Here's a New York man gives his wife a diamond necklace," said she. "Nothing like that ever happens to me."

"Well," said he, "here's a Chicago man gives his wife a black eye. Nothing like that ever happens to you, either, my dear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Oval Moon.

According to a discovery made by Professor Costadilobo of Portugal, the moon is not round, but oval. Cinematograph pictures, taken during an eclipse of the sun, show a difference of three miles between the greatest and least breadth.

Doubted Him.

She—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well bred man. Did you notice his knowledge of Aristotle? He—I did; and if you want my candid opinion, I don't believe he's ever been there.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Crazy Act.

Owner of Car—Why did you leave your last place? Chauffeur—The guy I worked for went crazy—started shingling his house when his car needed new tires.—Puck.

Wood Pulp Sponges.

Treated with chloride of zinc, wood pulp forms a viscous mass. When salt is added and the mixture has been rinsed with alcohol and compressed a fair imitation of a sponge results.

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart and with a lame endeavor.—Isaac Barrow.

CAISSON WORKERS

Perils and Difficulties That Encompass Their Labors.

THE FEARFUL AIR PRESSURE.

It Causes Exhilaration After the First Painful Sensations Pass Away—The Great Danger Lies In Coming Out of the Lock Into the Open Air.

Laboring on the firm earth, with "all out of doors" to breathe, perspiring and mayhap grumbling at one's hard luck, a person seldom if ever stops to think that men work day after day deep down in the water or the mud, with none but artificial light to guide their movements and only the air that is pumped to them to breathe.

People who work in the open air would have only to labor for a very short time in a diver's suit, a caisson or an air lock, getting a taste of what it is like and how it feels, to be cured whatever of grumbling at their lot and thank their lucky stars that it has been ordained that they work on top of the earth.

The work of a diver, his sensations while under water and his experiences have often been written about, but those of the air lock and the caisson worker have not. While he does not face the danger of fouling pipes and lines, as does the diver, he stays down longer, gets warmer, and his great danger lies in the stagnation of blood and paralysis resulting from the change of atmosphere.

While the man working on the surface of the earth bears up an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch, men in the locks bear a pressure of from fifteen to fifty pounds of compressed air, according to the depth. The heaviest pressure ever worked under was borne by five divers on the Swedish coast—sixty-five pounds. Four of these died a few minutes after coming out.

While, as a general thing, the diver stands not nearly the amount of pressure and seldom stays down more than two hours, the men in the Hudson river tunnel stood a pressure of forty six pounds and worked in four hour shifts. Some men stayed down twenty hours at a stretch, but did not work all the time, and Superintendent Haskins stayed down once twenty-four hours.

The sensations experienced are peculiar. When a man first steps in there are a tingling in the ears and a pain in the head, and when he talks it is apparently through the nose. This is caused by the pressure, and the remedy is to hold the nose, close the mouth and blow against the ears. This relieves the pain and stops the sensation. When the pressure is all on the worker feels all right and experiences no discomfort. Then there is a sort of exhilaration, and a man does more work in the lock than he could do outside.

The danger lies in coming out of the pressure into the open air. It is then that a man is apt to suffer from stagnation of the blood and paralysis caused by the change in the atmosphere. Besides this, a man may be attacked in the head or stomach with severe pains. Three out of five cases where the head and stomach are attacked result fatally.

Another severe malady resulting from the change is what is called the "bends." This is the air getting in between the flesh and the bone. It is extremely painful and so severe that a quart of whisky administered in half an hour would not intoxicate the patient. The stagnation and paralysis are the worst dangers and do the work quickly. Many men have been keeled over by these causes and not a few die. Old timers at the business sometimes get caught. The remedy for this paralysis is a quick return to the air lock.

The men as a general thing do not remain a great many years at the business, and a man should never work at it after he is forty years of age.

Cutting a hole and building a tunnel through water is an extremely difficult thing and by many was thought to be impossible. Still it was done in the case of the Hudson river tunnel, and the method is very interesting.

The work on the tunnel had progressed until a body of water was struck. How to tunnel through this hole of water was a puzzling question. It was done in this way: A so called balloon was constructed by making a netting of wire rope and covering this netting with canvas. The interior of the balloon was then filled with blue clay and silt may. When filled the balloon, thirty feet in diameter, weighed 140 tons. The hole of water was then located, and with the aid of a huge steam derrick the balloon was dropped into the hole. Then several scow loads of dirt were dumped down on to the balloon and the whole thing left to settle.

At the end of ten days the work of cutting through the balloon was begun. This was a very difficult job. An idea of what hard cutting it was may be gained from the fact that it took two months to dig through the thirty feet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Spinster's Jest.

Confidential Friend (to elderly spinster)—So, my dear, you're given up advocating women's rights? Elderly Spinster—Yes; I'm now going in for one of women's lefts. Friend—Women's lefts! What's that? Spinster—Widower, my dear.—Judge.

A niggardly rich man does not own his estate; his estate owns him.—Bion.

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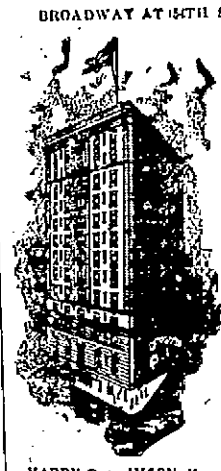

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, May 10, 1913.

Wisconsin law makers must be an intelligent lot. They adopted the wrong Constitutional amendment some time ago, and hence the direct election of United States Senators is not yet a law.

Massachusetts is already getting ready for the next campaign. One election is hardly over before they begin to plan for another one. Col. Benton has announced himself as a Republican candidate for Governor this fall.

The Democratic majority in the house late Thursday night passed the Wilson free trade bill by an almost solid Democratic vote. Let us see now how much the price of living will be reduced. The senate will now struggle with the bill but it will doubtless pass that body sometime this summer.

Efforts in Congress to incorporate the $100,000,000 Rockefeller Foundation was assailed Monday by Senator Works, of California who declared them a "proposal to 'farm out' to John D. Rockefeller and his associates the right and power to educate the people of the country with money accumulated by criminal means." Of the noble army of cranks California seems to have more than its full share.

The Democratic majority in Congress is having considerable trouble in drafting an income tax bill. The opponents of the principle are about as numerous among the Democrats as among the Republicans. The income tax is different from the tariff question. Not many Democrats have any interest in the tariff, as that party is mostly consumers, not manufacturers, while many of them will come under the law when an income tax is assessed. Hence the trouble.

Last Saturday the Providence Journal came out with a long story that U. S. Senator Lippitt was soon to resign his seat in Congress out of disgust at the political situation. Senator Lippitt replies: "The story that I am thinking about resigning is without foundation and the paper that published it knows that." This is in harmony with many fake stories started by that paper. They have no foundation, and the person or persons that writes them knows that they are false. That makes no difference with the paper though.

Representatives Gerry and O'Shaunessy have presented to the House the resolutions recently passed by the Common Council of Providence protesting against the practice of the Army and Navy Departments of advertising for recruits by means of bill boards throughout the country. This seems to be a foolish protest. We can see no reason why the Government should not use the bill board as well as private individuals. Certainly the Government ads on bill boards for recruits are all very attractive in their appearance.

Leader Underwood made a threat in the House of Representatives on the passage of the tariff bill that neither he nor his party will be able to carry out. That is if manufacturers reduce the wages of their employees on account of the reduction of the tariff they will be prosecuted. He might as well prosecute the East wind for blowing in a manner not agreeable to him. If the reduction of the tariff lets into this country such a flood of goods that their manufacture is not profitable here, there are but two things for the manufacturer to do: reduce wages or shut down, and no law can stop him from doing either.

There would seem to be no special need of a special session of the General Assembly this summer. Even if the bond bills should pass, next January would be time enough to arrange for the sale of them. It is a poor time now to sell bonds anyway. The rate of interest will be high and the State will realize far less on its bonds now than it will six months hence, after the Democratic low tariff bill has been in operation for a time. The business stagnation caused by this tariff bill will make money a drug in the market. There is no shadow of a doubt but that the state can then receive several per cent. more for its bonds than it can at this time. Then again a special session if called now will come at just the most inconvenient time of year for everybody especially the farming members.

The Providence papers are claiming now that if the Governor calls the General Assembly together in special session, that there will have to be a reorganization of both bodies. Such a statement is absurd on the face of it. There have been many special sessions of the General Assembly called in times past and there never yet has been a new organization and neither is there any law demanding it. It might just as well be claimed that the Assembly having adjourned sine die, it could not be called together again. The legislature has always heretofore been organized for one year and if emergency caused the body to get together half a dozen times in that year the organization lasted. This year under the amended Constitution the General Assembly lasts for two years and the organization is complete and perfect for the two years. It requires no Providence newspaper lawyer to prove that. It is a self-evident fact, ossified by long precedent.

A Civil War Incident.

The St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat tells the following: Fifty years ago the people of the North were thrilled by reading of the dash made by Col. Grierson, with about 1700 cavalry, through Tennessee, Mississipi and part of Louisiana, a feat which caused consternation through the South. At that time Grant was in a very critical portion of his Vicksburg campaign. Assisted by Commodore Porter, he had done much hard work, and some hard fighting, but Pemberton still held the fort and was destined to continue to do so for more than two months longer. Grant at that time had the greater part of his army on the west side of the Mississippi, opposite Grand Gulf, Miss., below Vicksburg, and, like Vicksburg, a strongly fortified point.

In order to prevent the Confederates at Vicksburg or Port Hudson, La., from sending any troops to oppose the crossing of his army to the east side of the big river, Grant ordered Sherman to threaten Haines' Bluff, on the Yazoo, bove Vicksburg, and Banks marched from Baton Rouge against Gen. Dick Taylor at Opelousas, and drove him from that place. At the same time Grierson left La Grange, Tenn., fifty miles east of Memphis, with orders to march with all possible speed through Tennessee and Mississippi, and cut the railway communications in the rear of Vicksburg.

His course lay through the heart of the Confederacy in the West, he defeated smaller forces of Confederates and eluded larger numbers, captured many prisoners, helped to isolate Pemberton at Vicksburg by cutting off all rail connection between him and the rest of the Confederacy, and did his work so well that Grant encountered no effective opposition in transporting his army to the east side of the Mississippi, shortly after which he began the victorious campaign which led to the capture of the big stronghold a few miles to the north.

Grierson's raid accomplished even more than Grant had expected. It showed the North that it had cavalry equal to the performance of any of the exploits of the Southern raiders. No achievement of Turner Ashby, J. E. B. Stuart, Forrest, John H. Morgan, Joe Wheeler or any other of the Confederate troopers surpassed in dash and daring Benjamin H. Grierson's feat, and none equaled it in the immediate influence of the service performed. Grant himself, who appreciated a good thing when he saw it, gave high praise to Grierson, and Lincoln promoted him. It was one of the dramatic features of the Vicksburg campaign, a demonstration which lasted longer, and which had more interesting phases than any other campaign except that against Richmond, unless an exception be made of that of Chickamauga-Chattanooga.

Did Not Demand Free Trade.

The President claims that the people demand free trade, because, he a free trade advocate was chosen last fall by an overwhelming majority of the Electoral College. He seems to forget that notwithstanding this electoral majority he is a minority President by several millions. There was a total vote of 15,-084,800, of which Mr. Wilson received 6,293,120. Other candidates had 8,-741,680. A fresh recourse to popular judgment would not give the President the comfort he seeks. Two of the parties supported the Protective principle, and their combined strength was 7,604,664, a clear majority of the whole vote. If the case is examined by separate states the point is emphasized that the present administration represents the smallest minority that ever found itself in control of the country. Indiana, for instance, has a solid Democratic delegation of thirteen in the House, yet the party polled only 43.07 per cent. of the total vote of the state. Wilson's vote in Indiana was 281,890, and that for Protective platforms 318,-274. Ohio's delegation in the House is eighteen Democrats, three Republicans. Wilson's vote in Ohio was 423,152, while Protective platforms received 506,893.

In the years 1696-1700 college graduates of the country entered the various professions as follows: ministry, 65.6 per cent; law, 1.6 per cent; medicine, 3.1 per cent; education, 4.7 per cent; business, 1.6 per cent; and public service, 9.4 per cent; from 1896-1900, ministry, 5.9 per cent; law, 15.8 per cent; medicine, 6.6 per cent; education, 26.7 per cent; business, 18.8 per cent; and public service, 1.0 per cent. The great falling off is in the ministry. Either the country must be getting better and there is less need of preaching or, which is probably the case, the ministry presents less charms to the college graduate than it did in the earlier days.

Vice-President A. R. Whaley of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company and the Central New England Railroad Company has been appointed head of the engineering, construction and maintenance department in addition to his duties as head of the operating department of these companies. Vice-President E. H. McHenry, who has been at the head of the engineering, construction and maintenance department, recently resigned from the service of the Company and his resignation became effective May 1.

The New Haven Company claim to have spent for salaries and wages in the last nine years the sum of $3,785,209 in the City of Newport, and seventeen and one half millions in Providence.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Upon the completion of the installing of the new organ at the Four Corners M. E. Church last week Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy, organist at Emanuel Church, Newport, tested the instrument before the organ experts left town. He expressed himself as well pleased. He considered it very finely strung, of good tone and having all the modern combinations and improvements. In connection with a male soloist he will be heard here at a public recital on Monday evening May 19; others will follow monthly. The new organ blends as well with the church and its fittings as if it had been built in when the church was first put up. The organ was made by M. P. Moller, Hagerstown, Md., at a cost of $2000. The wood finish is of quartered oak and the 25 "gold speaking pipes" at the front a d 12 "Jumo" at the side, are banded with a pale blue-green. It is a duplex organ, of tubular pneumatic action, and all stops but one can be played from either manual. It is operated by electricity by a half horse power motor. Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell, organist at St. George's Church, Newport, a native of Middletown and a former member of this church has been selected as organist for the dedication which will take place on Sunday afternoon at 2.45. A former pastor, Rev. Harold H. Critchlow of Burnside, Conn., and through whose instrumentality the new church was built, will preach the dedication sermon. Rev. Clayton E. Delamater of Fall River, who preceded the present pastor, will assist, also Rev. Joseph Cooper and Rev. W. H. Bath of Newport and Rev. John Wadsworth of Portsmouth.

The organ committee includes Mr. James H. Barker, Mr. Wm. J. Peckham, Mrs. Lydia B. Chace, Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Miss Sadie E. Peckham and comprises members of the Official Board, the choir and the organist.

The annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday with the following election of officers: president, Mrs. Fred Smith; vice president, Miss Ellen E. Smith; recording secretary, Mrs. Isaac Peabody; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Jacob Ward; treasurer, Mrs. Ida M. Brown; Board of Managers, Mrs. E. E. Wells, Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. E. A. Peckham. The Society has sent this week, a missionary box to Miss Gertrude Gilman, Pekin, China, a missionary from Springfield, Vermont. The meeting for June will close the sessions for the summer.

Tuesday, Whitsun Day, will be observed at Holy Cross Church as a "Quiet Day," the first of this kind to be held here. A series of services beginning at 9.15 and continuing at 10.30, 12, 3, and 4.30, will be conducted by Rev. H. P. Bull, Superior of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Boston. An address will be given at each stated hour and opportunity offered to speak to the clergy, otherwise silence is to be kept throughout the day. Refreshments will be provided at the adjoining Guild House.

An attractive May Basket Social was held at Holy Cross Guild House on Tuesday evening by the Sunshine Society, about 50 being present. A small fee was charged and orangeade was served to accompany the basket lunches. Dancing concluded the evening, Mrs. Alvin Simmons at the piano.

Mr. Samuel Taylor, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor has returned to the Altnes Electrical Co. New York, after having been home for three months on sick leave.

The Peabody School has been closed for the week, the teacher, Miss Flora L. Phinney of Portsmouth being with her sister, Mrs. Herbert Russell in Pawtucket, who is in a critical condition. The time will be made up the latter part of June.

Mr. Edward Corey observed on Sunday last his 86th birthday and has the distinction of being one of the oldest citizens of the town. He is in active health and enjoys being busy.

The May meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes will be held on Wednesday next with Mrs. Charles B. Weaver.

The Oliphant Club is planning to observe Arbor Day next week at the home of Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester.

General Charles W. Abbot, Jr., has sent out an interesting circular to veterans of the Civil War giving full instructions regarding the big celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. It is estimated that there will be 40,000 veterans in the immense camp on the battlefield, and there will be many Rhode Islanders among them. The veterans will be the guests of the State of Pennsylvania, but as they will sleep in tents in the camp, they will not be allowed to take women or children with them.

It is claimed that there are 810,000 men engaged in the sheep-growing business in this country. That over $200,000,000 is invested in this industry. Last year there were 17,000,000 sheep slaughtered, which represented 800,000,000 pounds of dressed mutton. Free wool it is claimed means a reduction of at least 50 per cent. in the number of sheep raised on the ranches of the country."

Two hundred American insurance companies have taken from $50,000 to $500,000 each, to a total amount of $15,-000,000, as their share of the risk on J. Pierpont Morgan art treasures. The total policies on the collection will be about $23,000,000, and the balance over that taken by American companies has been placed with leading English concerns. The premiums will amount to $74,750 a year.

Yesterday was a holiday, but the banks and the post office were the only people who thought of it. Business on the street was going on as usual, but somewhat hampered by the useless closing of the post office and the banks. There would seem to be no call for the closing of the post office, as the day is a state holiday not a national one.

During April 103,930 aliens entered New York, an increase of 33,531 over the same month last year. Since Jan. 1 there were 268,067 immigrants, compared with 202,977 in the corresponding period of 1912. Indications are that a new high record will be made this year.

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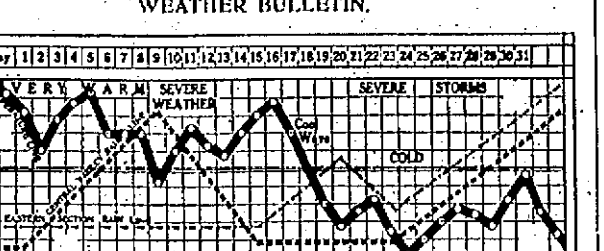

May temperature will average about normal. Normal means the average of many years for the month and place, and normal temperatures and rain constitutes the best cropweather. May will bring a drouth to large sections of this continent. Most rain in northeastern states, east Golf coast and southern plains states, immediately east of Rockies. Not as good cropweather as in April. Dangerous storms May 21 to June 8. Most rain in great central valleys week centering on May 9 and in eastern sections 18 to 31.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weath er fea ures move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., May 8, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent May 9 to 13 and 14 to 18, warm waves 8 to 12 and 13 to 17, cool waves 11 to 15 and 16 to 20. This period of about two weeks will average warmer than usual and will be followed by a great fall in temperatures. Storm forces will be greater than the usual average and severe weather may be expected May 8 to 12 but dangerous storms are not probable. Most rain is expected in great central valleys not far from May 9 and in eastern sections about and following May 20.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 10, cross Pacific slope by close of 20, great central valleys 21 to 23, eastern sections 24. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 19, great central valleys 21, eastern sections 23. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 22, great central valleys 24, eastern sections 26.

This disturbance will average cooler than usual, will be preceded by a great fall in temperatures, followed by a cool wave that will carry frosts farther south than usual and cause the coldest weather of the month. Tender vegetables should be protected in northern sections.

This disturbance, following a lull in the storm forces, will inaugurate another period of dangerous storms but the most severe storms will come with next disturbance. Not far from May 24 the above described disturbance will cause severe weather east of meridian 90 and at the same time severe weather may be expected off the coast of British Columbia.

We are not expecting such dangerous storms as those of recent months but it is advisable to use care and not go into unprotected places while this storm is passing. Our danger signals will hang out from May 20 to 31 and our readers may expect the most severe storms to occur close in front of the warm waves and not far from the places and dates noted for the disturbance dates.

Indications favorable to a general shortage of rainfall and some indications of damage to crops by drouth. That is expected to be the general condition, but some places, on account of the severe storms will get too much rain. The middle southeastern states will have some heavy local rains and similar conditions may be expected in parts of Pennsylvania, New York, the New England states and the eastern provinces. But large sections between meridian 85 and the Rockies will be too dry for good of growing crops.

Much will depend on amount of moisture in the soil middle of April. Where the soil was well wet at that time the crops may come through the drouth in good shape. Oats will probably suffer more than other crops.

Mr. Mellen's Testimony.

A VERY FAVORABLE IMPRESSION.

Those who were able to get in to hear Mr. Mellen's testimony before Commissioner Prouty last week were very favorably impressed, not only with the clear and full statements, but with Mr. Mellen's manner and bearing and his sincere purpose to tell every fact and show every figure in which the public could have the slightest interest.

Mr. Mellen showed himself to be just what those who know him always considered him—a big, broad, energetic, fully informed railroad man, with a grasp of the most intricate details that was simply astounding. His attitude on the witness stand under the very apparent hostile eye of Commissioner Prouty was in every way to Mr. Mellen's credit. He showed no animus, and his every effort apparently was to make a straight-forward answer to all questions propounded. Even when Commissioner Prouty made entirely uncalled for observations which reflected on the New Haven, Mr. Mellen maintained his poise, not once losing his self-possession, and to say that he made an excellent witness and thoroughly vindicated every transaction with which he had been connected is only simple justice to him.—Boston News Bureau.

A Question of Conscience.

Democratic leaders in Congress are preparing a currency bill to meet a panic after the new Tariff bill goes into effect, which looks suspiciously like a case of "A guilty conscience is its own accuser."—Boston Transcript.

Or a case of no conscience at all. For from all indications the kind of legislation contemplated by Democratic "currency doctors" would only add fuel to the fire of business unrest.—New York Herald.

Both of the above papers are in a measure responsible for this Democratic Administration. The N. Y Herald especially threw all the influence it had for President Wilson.

President Wilson is getting in his Democratic postmasters in this state. He has recently appointed Ex-Senator Thomas H. Galvin, postmaster at East Greenwich and James Brennan postmaster at Riverpoint.

The Brotherhood of the Second Baptist Church held its first annual banquet on Tuesday evening, President Frank G. Kimball presiding. There was an attendance of about seventy-five, and an interesting programme followed the dinner.

Election of Officers.

Oratorio Society.

President—A. Livingston Mason.
First Vice President—Daniel U. Boone.
Second Vice President—Mrs. Herbert L. yer.
Secretary—Miss Alice C. Banning.
Treasurer—Nelson R. Duby.
Librarian—Henry C. Wilkinson.
Assistant Librarian—Louis R. Plummer.
Musical Director—Victor Baxter.
Organist—H. Wood Thompson.
Directors for two years—Mrs. Mary Curley-Rooney, George W. Foote.
Directors for one year—Miss May Stenhouse, J. S. Kahler.

Alice What! last night you discovered a man under your bed. Mercy! Kate Oh, I didn't mind it. It was in a sleeping car.—Boston Transcript.

Weekly Almanac.

MAY 1913 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Water Morn	High Water Eve
10 Sat	4 29	6 51	11 51	10 40	10 58
11 Sun	4 28	6 55	mo'n	11 40	11 59
12 Mon	4 27	6 56	0 31		12 44
13 Tues	4 26	6 57	1 04	1 04	1 45
14 Wed	4 25	6 58	1 54	2 10	2 45
15 Thur	4 24	6 59	2 18	3 12	3 33
16 Frid	4 23	7 00	2 53	4 07	4 28

New Moon, 6th day, 3h, 21., morning
First Quarter, 13th day, 5h, 43m., morning
Full Moon, 22nd day 2h 18m., morning
Last Quarter, 27th day 7h 04m., evening

Deaths.

In this city, 2d inst., James F. Sullivan.
In this city, 2d inst., Lillias Sanford, daughter of the late William Paine and Lillias Sanford Sheffield.
In this city, 4th inst., Peter A. Walsh.
In this city, 6th inst., Patrick O'Connell.
Suddenly, May the 8th, Katharine Reade, widow of Edward M. Neill, and daughter of the late Peter Stuyvesant.
In Little Compton, 6th inst., George W. Brown, in his 87th year.
In Fall River, 8th inst., Alice, widow of John Robinson, in her 79th year.
In Fall River, 6th inst., John Higginbotham, in his 7?th year.
In Providence, 4th inst., Lydia M., widow of Nelson O. Baker, in her 96th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses urnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

32 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R.I

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 183 He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

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Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

6-15 GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

REINDICTED AS MURDERER

Assault Charge Also Made by Grand Jury Against Deslovers

Providence, May 8.—A second indictment for murder and another charging him with a criminal assault were returned against Henri Deslovers by a special grand jury called by Attorney General Rice when Deslovers was freed on a habeas corpus writ last Friday.

Deslovers is accused of the murder of Mrs. Angele Parmentier, whose headless body was found in the Blackstone river at Woonsocket last June. The failure of the state to bring the case to trial within the six months limit resulted in Deslovers being freed by the court.

He was immediately rearrested on a statutory charge on which the grand jury indicted him yesterday. Rice says he is now ready to proceed with the trial on the murder indictment.

Deslovers was arraigned and pleaded not guilty to both indictments. His counsel were given until today to change the plea in the murder case.

ALL SLAIN WITH AXE

Kansas Convict Thought to Have Murdered Twenty-Five Persons

Leavenworth, Kan., May 9.—Twenty-five murders committed with an axe within the last three years in Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa and Illinois are ascribed to Henry L. Moore, now serving a life term in the Missouri penitentiary, according to a theory announced by M. W. McClaughry, special agent of the department of justice, after an exhaustive study of the so-called axe murders.

McClaughry is a son of Warden McClaughry of the federal penitentiary here and has charge of the bureau of criminal identification at the penitentiary.

Moore went to the penitentiary at Jefferson City after being found guilty of the murder of his mother and grandmother at Columbia, Mo., in December last year. Moore, on trial, said he had made a study of famous murders.

ASSASSIN OF KING TAKES HIS OWN LIFE

Schinas Jumps From Window of Salonica Police Station

Athens, May 7.—Aleko Schinas, who assassinated King George of Greece on March 18 at Salonica, committed suicide by flinging himself out of a window of the police station in that city.

Schinas, who was a native of Thessaly, killed the king by firing point blank into his back while he was walking along the streets of Salonica accompanied by an aide de camp. He gave as an explanation of the crime that in 1911 he had applied for assistance at the king's palace and had been driven away by an aide de camp.

A few days ago doctors examined Schinas and announced that he was suffering from tuberculosis.

DOES NOT YIELD FAITH

Daughter of Ex-Governor Warfield Becomes Bride of Count

Baltimore, May 8.—Miss Louise Warfield, ex-Governor Warfield's daughter, did not abandon her religious faith when she married Count Vladimir Ledochowski here today.

"I have never even considered becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism," said Miss Warfield. "I cannot imagine how anyone gained any other impression."

So, it being a mixed marriage, the ceremony was performed in the Warfield home, not in the cathedral. Rev. Fr. Fletcher of the cathedral officiated. Cardinal Gibbons attended the wedding.

Some fine jewels, heirlooms of the Ledochowskis, some gifts of the count and his family, await the countess in London. Her engagement ring is a superb solitaire diamond.

BOMB MYSTERY UNSOLVED

No Light on Attempt to Injure Cathedral of St. Paul's

London, May 9.—The mystery of the bombs found in St. Paul's and other buildings has not been solved nor has anything been discovered that would tend to throw light on it. The suffragettes neither admit nor deny their responsibility.

Miss Tyson, presiding at a suffragette meeting last night, while remarking that it had not been proved that suffragettes had put the bomb in the cathedral, added that there were still persons who had not heard why the women wanted the vote, and the only way to wake them up was by bombs.

Cases Against Socialists Dismissed

Girard, Kan., May 8.—The cases against F. D. Warren, Eugene V. Debs and Jacob Shepp, Socialist leaders, in the federal court at Fort Scott for alleged attempts to spirit away a witness in the Leavenworth case against the Appeal to Reason, was dismissed by Washington order.

DIED FROM EXHAUSTION

Passing Away of Scott and Others at South Pole Was Peaceful

Winnipeg, Man., May 7.—Exhaustion and not starvation was the cause of the death of Captain Scott and the men who died with him on their way back from the South Pole, according to Lieutenant Gran, a member of the supporting party which found the bodies. Gran stopped off in this city for a few hours on his way to London.

"The end of the party apparently was peaceful," declared Gran.

TARIFF GOES TO THE SENATE

No Serious Disagreements With House Anticipated

END OF REMARKABLE DEBATE

Speeches Numbered About Two Hundred, but No Amendments Were Adopted—Measure Not Considered Likely to Upset Public Confidence—House Talking of Weekly Recess

Washington, May 9.—The Underwood tariff bill, proclaimed by the Democratic party as the answer to its platform pledge to reduce the tariff downward, was passed by the house late yesterday.

The vote was 281 to 139, five Democrats voting against the bill, and two Republicans voting for it. Four Progressives supported the measure and fourteen opposed it; while one independent Progressive joined with the majority.

When Speaker Clark announced the vote in loud tones, that revealed his satisfaction in the arrival of the day he long had sought, exuberant Democrats hoisted a stuffed Democratic donkey over the heads of their colleagues in the rear of the chamber, a faint ripple of applause followed and the gavel fell on the first chapter in the history of President Wilson's extra session of congress.

With the bill, after a month's consideration, on its way to the senate, there was a rush of representatives for their homes last night. In the house, adjournment will be taken three days at a time beginning next week, until June 1. In the meantime, the senate finance committee will study the bill, while the house ways and means committee will organize committees preparatory to the transaction of further business next month.

The tariff debate which has just closed has been remarkable for many things, chief of which is the fact that, barring a few committee changes in the income tax section of the bill, all the arguments of the Democrats, Republicans and Progressives who did not agree to the measure as it came out of the committee, all the figures and statistics hurled by opponents, all the efforts aimed to bring powerful pressure from outside, have been of absolutely no avail.

A careful reckoning shows that the debate lasted 135 hours. The longest day's debate took nearly thirteen hours, the shortest about seven. During the course of this time, nearly 200 out of the total membership of 435 made speeches or actively entered into the fracas.

There will be in the neighborhood of 200 tariff speeches available for vacation reading in the country and manufacturing districts as soon as the public printer can get them printed. Some of these speeches, of course, were never spoken, but that makes no difference—they read just as well, "applause" and all included.

The house today is like a small boy that has got through with school for a while. Although most of the actual work has been done by the ways and means committee and although the majority of the members will privately confess that they do not know any more about the tariff schedules than when they did when they began to consider them in committee of the whole house on the state of the union a fortnight ago, there is nevertheless a feeling that a big task has been finished and, so far as the house is concerned, is practically forever out of the way. At present the house is worrying very little over the possibilities of serious disagreements with the senate.

Washington opinion on the Underwood bill affords little that is of comfort to its Republican opponents. The measure is regarded by men who have made the study of the tariff more than a pastime as a very fair bill, tending, it is true, towards free trade, but not tending in that direction at a dangerous or breakneck speed.

The impression seems to prevail that the president and the senate, to whom the bill now goes, will sandpaper off the sharp edges and will conclude their operations with a tariff bill which, while not satisfactory from a protection point of view, yet will not hurt enough people hard enough to do that thing which it is of paramount importance not to do—namely, to lose popular confidence.

Home Rule Bill Up Again

London, May 8.—The home rule for Ireland bill was reintroduced in the house of commons by Premier Asquith, and read a first time under the standing order of the house which debars debate. It will come up for second reading on June 2.

Detroit Woman Becomes Countess

Berlin, May 7.—In the presence of the aristocracy of Berlin, Fedora Matuschka, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Walker of Detroit, was married here to Lieutenant Count Monseeherr-Thoss.

Japan Orders New Dreadnoughts

Tokio, May 5.—Contracts have been placed for the construction in Japanese yards of three dreadnoughts, with displacement of 30,000 tons each.

Unwelcome Vegetables For Shank

Indianapolis, May 9. — Mayor Shank, who broke the potato famine, was showered with senile vegetables on his appearance in a minstrel show at Rockville, Ind.

Ridder Is New Prison Head

Albany, May 5.—The senate unanimously confirmed Herman Ridder as state superintendent of prisons.

TAMMANY MUST BE REORGANIZED

No Federal Plums For Wigwam While Murphy Is Chief

NOTICE SERVED BY PRESIDENT

Appointment of Mitchel as Collector of Port of New York Is So Regarded—Action Comes at Time When Sulzer Is Also Fighting Party Boss in the Empire State

Washington, May 9.—Reorganization of Tammany Hall and the overthrow of Charles F. Murphy is the signal of the Wilson administration in the appointment by the president of John P. Mitchel, hereditary enemy of Tammany, to be collector of the port of New York, the chief federal position in the Empire State.

Mitchel's name was sent in after the president had conferred with Senator O'Gorman. He was on the point of nominating Frank L. Polk, a Tammany man, when he switched to Mitchel, and in making a personal appointment on his own initiative he incidentally served notice upon the New York politicians that O'Gorman was not to be held responsible for his action.

All of O'Gorman's nominees, some half a dozen, were Tammany men, and in going outside the O'Gorman list the president took upon himself the full responsibility of creating a situation in New York that was bound to bring about a crisis.

The situation can be cleared up only by Tammany itself and, in the opinion of Washington, only by the retirement from power of Charles F. Murphy. Nothing in Murphy's career or his actions appeals to Wilson, who is willing to undertake the same sort of campaign against the Tammany leader that he has made with such success against Smith and Nugent in New Jersey.

In other words, Wilson has informed Tammany that so long as Murphy is at its head it can hope for nothing from the federal administration. The president also has sought to relieve O'Gorman of embarrassment by going as far as he could without surrendering anything to Murphy.

It so happens that the president's significant selection is made at the same time when Governor Sulzer is conducting a picturesque battle against Murphy, and the Tammany chieftain finds himself deprived of the friendship of the governor of his state and the president of his country, while the latter elevates to a place of supreme political power in New York a man whose grandfather, Henry F. Purroy, made a fight against Tammany one of the issues of his life and who, through his own experience in the city government and with municipal affairs generally, is particularly well equipped to checkmate Murphy in every move he may make to recoup himself, politically and otherwise, if he is compelled to confine his attention to the pickings in and about city hall.

In fact the action of the president in the New York collectorship is simply one more move in this warfare on the party bosses, of whom he regards Charles F. Murphy as one of the worst.

If Mitchel is confirmed by the senate, the president will have gained one of his greatest victories. He has discredited Murphy as far as he could by selecting Mitchel but he will have defeated Murphy if he can get Mitchel confirmed.

FINDS LAND FAR NORTH

Rasmussen's Greenland Expedition Announces Its Success

Copenhagen, May 7.—A message from Thorshaven, Faroe islands, announces the success of Knud Rasmussen's Greenland expedition, which returned there after a three years' absence.

Where the Peary channel was supposed to be he found a large tract of land free of ice.

Game was abundant in that section, and the party halted for a month before starting on the return journey of over 600 miles, which was covered at an average rate of thirty-one miles a day.

CARNEGIE IS A SCOT

Suffragette Doubts His Right to Pose as an American Citizen

London, May 8.—Miss Mae Scott-Troy, the San Francisco suffragette, cabled to Andrew Carnegie:

"What right have you to pose as an American citizen when you are registered as a voter in the parish of Dornoch, in the county of Sutherland, Scot.? You are voter No. 11 on the official list received by me today from the sheriff of the county. Why did King Edward offer you a dukedom?"

Carnegie is thus described on the voting list: "Occupation, gentleman; place of abode, Skibo castle."

Killed in Baseball Game

Hanover, N. H., May 9.—Merithew Green, aged 15, second baseman of the Hanover high school baseball team, died as the result of a collision with Shortstop Glen Blood of the same nine in a game with Lebanon high school.

Curtis' Resignation Accepted

Washington, May 6.—Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has accepted the resignation of Edwin U. Curtis as collector of the port of Boston.

Aviator Crushed to Death

Akron, O., May 6.—In a drop of 200 feet Charles Carlson, 24, an aviator, was killed. He was crushed under the engine.

TROUBLES OF EX-INSPECTORS

Have by No Means Come to an End In New York

UNDER BRIBERY INDICTMENTS

District Attorney May Push Cases Against Them Should They Fight Penalty of Crime of Which They Now Stand Convicted—Record of Crusade Against Grafters Imposing

New York, May 8.—Until sentence is passed no one knows just what move will be made by counsel for the defense in the case of the four former police inspectors—Sweeney, Thompson, Hussey and Murtha—all found guilty of conspiracy to obstruct justice. Each faces a year in prison, and each is also under indictment for bribery. It was intimated at the district attorney's office that it may rest with the defendants themselves whether or not they are to be tried on the bribery charges.

If their lawyers make a fight against the verdict just returned it is believed District Attorney Whitman will press the bribery cases, which involve a felony and carry, on conviction, a much heavier sentence than the prisoners now face. If, on the other hand, the defendants decide to accept the penalty of the crime of which they now stand convicted, Whitman may not push the remaining cases.

The conviction of the demoted inspectors is declared by Whitman to be likely to lead to "still more important work" in clearing the police situation. No explanation, however, of what further action is contemplated is forthcoming.

The results, thus far, of the ten months' war to end the police system's "carnival of graft" have included the conviction of or pleas of guilty by ten policemen and the conviction of several associates in crime. The list begins with Lieutenant Becker, who was convicted last October of the instigation of the murder in July of Herman Rosenthal because the latter threatened to expose police graft. In November four gunmen were convicted of the same crime and sent to Sing Sing, where, with Becker, they are awaiting the execution of death sentences.

The Becker-Rosenthal case led to a general investigation of the sale of police protection for vice and crime. Revelations were made which forced Policemen Fox and Captain Walsh to plead guilty of bribery, a confession to grafting by Patrolman Wrenn, the conviction of Patrolman Harligan on charges of perjury, the conviction of Patrolman Robinson on charges of extortion, and the conviction of the four demoted police inspectors on charges of conspiracy in plotting to buy the silence of a witness against them.

HOLDS KEYS OF SALOONS

Town Watchman's Duty to Open and Close Genoa Dram Shops

Genoa, Ills., May 9.—Genoa took a step toward the municipal saloon when the village board ordered the purchase of four locks to be placed upon the doors of the four dram shops here.

The resolution instructed the night watchman hereafter to lock the doors of the saloons at the close of business and unlock them in the morning.

The only keys to the locks shall be the property of the village and must be returned to the town hall every morning, the order says.

SCHOOL STRIKE BROKEN

Home Treatment by Angry Parents Has the Desired Effect

Boston, May 9.—Trunk straps, slippers and good old fashioned "paddies" yesterday caused the rebellion of Greater Boston schoolboys to dwindle rapidly in size until last night the strike practically was over.

Police and truant officers, headmasters and teachers worked hard all day stamping out the trouble, but the real effective dampening of the youngsters' ardor came in the home, at the hands of stern mothers and unrelenting fathers. That is where the strike ended.

PUSHCARTS BARRED

Ten Thousand Will Disappear From Streets of New York

New York, May 7.—The board of aldermen passed unanimously an ordinance taking from the streets of New York its 10,000 pushcarts.

The measure provides for giving peddlers special stand privileges at the approaches to East river bridges and in certain city squares. Its passage was bitterly opposed by the peddlers.

Sutherland Held Without Bail

Abington, Mass., May 8.—James M. Sutherland of Whitman was held without bail for the grand jury when arraigned on a charge of murder of his wife, Winnifred, in the second district court here.

REMAINS WITH UNCLE SAM

Plant Pathologist Declines Position Worth $6000 More a Year

Washington, May 8.—Dr. Edwin F. Smith, plant pathologist in the department of agriculture, enjoys the unusual distinction of declining a $10,000 position with the Rockefeller institution for medical research to retain one at $4000 a year with the government.

Dr. Smith attracted attention for his investigations in the comparative study of plant disease in their relation to man and beast.

SIX CHILDREN DROWN

Crowd on Bridge Sees Youngsters Sink in Charles River

Boston, May 5.—Scores of men and women on the West Boston bridge saw six children perish. There were eight children in a rowboat when it went down. All were between 12 and 14 years old. Two of the older boys, John Walker and Anthony Moniskey, hired the boat and invited six other children to accompany them. Three of these were girls.

The boat began to leak, frightening the children. As it began to sink the children became panic stricken, and the boat was overset, throwing them all into the water, just below the West Boston bridge. Walker and Moniskey were the only ones who could swim. They reached a motor boat anchored near where their boat overturned. They clung to this until men who had seen their peril from the bridge rescued them.

All the others were drowned. They were Anna Canney, Flora Silva, Mary Shaw, Frank Murphy, John Cooney and Joseph Burgess.

$14,500 A YEAR FOR GOFF

West Virginia Senator to Draw Two Salaries From Government

Washington, May 7.—Senator Goff of West Virginia will receive, aside from his senatorial salary of $7500, an additional $7000 as the full pay of a retired federal circuit judge, making his compensation during his term in the senate equal to the salary of an associate justice of the supreme court.

Comptroller of the Treasury Tracewell granted the senator's application for salary as a retired judge under the law authorizing full pay to any federal judge who, having reached the age of 70, resigns after ten years of service on the bench.

The comptroller held that a retired judge performed no judicial duty and consequently did not hold a "position" within the meaning of the statute prohibiting a government employe from drawing salary from two government positions.

SCUTARI GIVEN UP TO POWERS' TROOPS

Ends Incident Which Threatened to Plunge Europe Into War

Berlin, May 9.—International troops representing Austria, Italy, France, Germany and England, have taken possession of Scutari, according to a telegram from Cattaro.

The troops, which were landed from the fleet which has been blockading the Montenegrin coast, are under command of Admiral Burney, who first held a conference with the civil governor of Scutari to fix the details of the terms of surrender.

The actual giving up of Scutari by the Montenegrins puts an end to an incident which, for over a fortnight, threatened to plunge Europe into war.

NO FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN

Measure Thrown Out of House of Commons by Vote of 266 to 219

London, May 9.—The fate of the woman's suffrage bill was sealed last night by the vote of more than fifty Irish Nationalists, who voted against it. The bill, whereby it was sought to enfranchise 6,000,000 women, was rejected by a majority of 47; the vote stood 266 to 219.

As the members of the house gathered for the afternoon session, news came of the latest outrage laid to the militants. This was the burning of St. Catherine's church, one of the finest in the suburb of Hatchem. The fire started mysteriously at noon and in an hour the edifice was in ruins.

Whether there is any chance that the present parliament will pass a bill of more limited character may be doubted.

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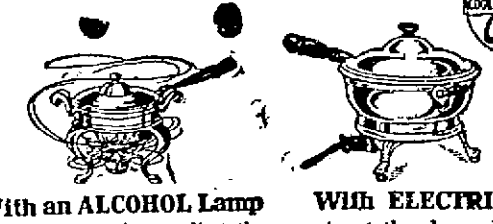

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Genevieve Ward's Story of Her Wedding Tragedy.

PARTED AT THE CHURCH DOOR

After a Dramatic Ceremony Following a Complication That Became an International Affair and Was Ended by Our Government and the Czar.

In Mrs. Tweedie's "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life" are some stories of Genevieve Ward, the famous actress.

One morning in March, 1908, came a knock on Mrs. Tweedie's door, and in walked Miss Ward.

"Out for my constitutional, my dear," she exclaimed. "So I thought I would just look you up. I have walked six miles this morning, and after a little rest and chat with you I shall walk another mile home and enjoy my luncheon all the better for it."

"You are a marvel!" exclaimed our author. "Seven miles and over seventy. I saw your 'Volumnia' was a great success the other day when you played it with Benson."

"Yes," she said, "and the next day I started for Rome. I got a telegram saying one of three old cousins, with whom I was staying in Rome a few weeks previously, had died suddenly, so four hours after receiving the message I set out."

"Were you very tired?"

"No, not at all. I knitted nearly all the way and talked to my fellow passengers and when I arrived, instead of resting, went at once to see to some business, for these two old sisters, one of whom is blind, were absolutely prostrated with grief and had done nothing while awaiting my arrival. I stayed a fortnight with them, settled them up and arrived back a few days ago."

Here is the pathetic story of Miss Ward's marriage tragedy as she told it to Mrs. Tweedie:

"I was traveling with my mother and brother on the Riviera in 1855 when we met a Russian, Count de Guerbel. He was very tall, very handsome, very fascinating, very rich and twenty-eight. I was seventeen. He fell in love with me, and it was settled I should be married at the consulate at Nice, which I was. But the Russian law required that the marriage should be repeated in the Russian church to make the ceremony binding; otherwise I was his legal wife, but he was not my legal husband.

"It was arranged, therefore, that I should go to Paris with my mother, the count going on in advance to arrange everything, and we would be remarried there in the Greek church. When we arrived in Paris it was Lent, when no marriage can take place in the Greek church, and so time passed on.

"He must have been a thoroughly bad man, because he did his best at that time to persuade me to run away with him, always reminding me that I was his legal wife. The whole thing was merely a trick of this handsome, fascinating rascal. He promised me that if I would go to him he would take me to Russia at once, and there we should be remarried according to the rules of the Greek church. Being positively frightened by his persistence, I told my mother. At the same time rumors of De Guerbel's amours and debts reached her ears, and she wrote to a cousin of ours, then American minister in St. Petersburg, for confirmation of these reports.

"My cousin replied, 'Come at once.' We went, I, of course, under my name of Countess de Guerbel, which I had naturally assumed from the day of our wedding at Nice, and we stayed at the embassy in St. Petersburg. The count's brother was charming to me. He told us my husband was a villain and I had better leave him alone. That was impossible, however. I was married to him, but he was not married to me, and such a state of affairs could not remain.

"It became an international matter, and it was arranged by the American government and the czar that we should be officially married at Warsaw. The count refused to come. The czar therefore sent sealed orders for his appearance. Wearing a black dress and feeling apprehensive and miserably sad, I went to the church, and at the altar rails, supported by my father and mother and the count's brother, I met my husband.

"It was a horrible crisis, for I knew my father was armed with a loaded revolver, and if De Guerbel refused to give me the last legal right, which was morally already mine, its contents would put an end to the adventurer's life. There we stood, husband and wife, knowing the service was a mere form, but the marriage was lawfully effected. He had completed his part of the bargain, and we had learned his villainy. At the door of the church we parted, and I never saw him again."

His Instrument.

"That executor is very energetic in carrying out the various provisions of the testator."

"He does seem to be working with a will."—Baltimore American.

The Oyster.

Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch. All we know about it is that it's awful to swallow one that is out of order.—New Orleans Picayune.

One life must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

Concerning the Uplift.

"You are in favor of the uplift, of course."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Only I haven't any special regard for a man who has a job of roof mendin' on hand and who refuses to climb a ladder in hopes that some one will bring along an elevator."—Washington Star.

TOSCANINI'S DEBUT.

He Was Literally Forced to Conduct Opera the First Time.

As an opera conductor Toscanini seems both to have achieved greatness and to have had greatness thrust upon him. In the Century Max Smith, giving a character sketch of the eminent musician, thus describes his first triumph. Toscanini was in Rio de Janeiro, doing double duty in the opera house as first cellist and assistant chorus master. The season had gone badly from the beginning. One conductor had been rejected, and matters reached a crisis when an indignant audience, assembled to hear "Aida," refused to accept the services of an incompetent substitute, compelling him by main force to leave the orchestra, amid jeers, hisses and catcalls before the unfortunate man had lifted his baton.

The impresario was in a quandary, when a delegation of influential subscribers insisted that he should not abandon the performance. They were ready, they said, to accept as leader any musician in the orchestra rather than the man dismissed.

Some one suggested Toscanini, who beat a retreat to the stage, where he was found trying to hide in the wings. His efforts to escape were futile. No excuse was accepted. Forced into the clawhammer coat worn by the costumer of the theater, he was dragged into the pit and lifted bodily to the conductor's stand, while the crowd roared its approval.

The youthful maestro seized the baton, and suddenly the noise was quelled. He held at once the undivided attention not only of the orchestra, but of the mob. Every one could see that he was conducting from memory. Even then, making his first appearance as a leader, he was independent of the score, and so an evening that began with tumultuous protests ended with boisterous demonstrations of enthusiasm, insuring the cellist's employment as conductor to the end of the season. Brute force had launched him on his brilliant career. The news of his sensational debut was flashed across the ocean, and thereafter the doors of every opera house in Italy were open to him.

STAGE VILLAINS.

Not Those Who Play the Scoundrelly Parts, but the Real Ones.

The true villain of the stage is not always the one who strives to kidnap the heroine and bestow a violent death upon the hero, for jealousy and the acts prompted by it lead not only the ladies but also the men to resort to unprincipled methods to disgrace a rival.

One or two of the tricks are quite common, notably that of doing something to make another player miss his or her cue. In one case an actress carried a fan, which she used deliberately to blow the sound of her low spoken syllables away from the other actress. As a result the latter had great difficulty in catching her cues, so much so that the audience began to speak of her as a poor actress, although in other pieces she had been praised most highly by the critics.

An equally common trick is for the actor to step toward the back of the stage. This causes his victim's face to be turned away from the audience, the consequence being that not only his voice is lost, but his features are invisible and his efforts thus spoiled.

Still another device which has been utilized by stage "criminals" is that of anticipating the laugh of a comedian with a broad smile or grin. This little trick takes the edge off the fun resulting from the other actor's lines.

One of the simplest ways of ruining the effect of an act is by dropping something at the crucial moment. The instant this is done the minds of the audience will go like a dash to this unlooked for interruption and are drawn away from the words of the speaker.—New York Mail.

The Panama Canal.

At its narrowest part the isthmus of Panama is only forty miles wide as the crow flies. It runs east and west, and the canal crosses it diagonally from Colon on the north to Panama on the south in a general direction from northwest to southeast. The Pacific terminus of the canal is twenty-two miles east of the northern entrance. In length it is fifty miles from deep water in the Caribbean to deep water in the Pacific.—Youth's Companion.

The Story of a Notice.

Germany is being blamed for the story of a factory notice now going the rounds. Prominently displayed near all the live wires it reads:

"To touch these wires means instant death. Any one failing to respect this warning will be prosecuted and fined."

No one has up to the present had to be prosecuted.—London Tatler.

Tommy Gave Her Away.

Caller (waiting for Tommy's sister)—I have a dime for you, Tommy. Now I propose—

Tommy—Well, you'd better propose to sister. She's getting tired of waiting.—Chicago News.

A Wise Precaution.

"Do you think it safe to let John drive the automobile?"

"Oh, yes! I've taken out the tool kit, and he can't possibly damage the engine now."—Detroit Free Press.

The Black Fox.

The skin of a black fox is worth from $5 to $10, and the animals are now being raised in captivity to supply the demand for their pelts.

Removing Finger Marks.

Finger marks on doors will quickly disappear if rubbed with a clean piece of flannel dipped in paraffin. Afterward wipe with a clean cloth, in order to remove the smell of the oil.

WALL STREET BANKS.

As a Rule They Make Loans on a 20 Per Cent Margin.

Most Wall street banks insist on having a twenty point margin behind each loan. That means that a man borrowing $100,000 must put up as security stocks or bonds of $120,000 market value. If the securities decline to a point where the $20,000 margin is reduced to $16,000 the borrower is called upon to put up additional securities. Most brokerage houses do not wait for such a summons, but send the necessary collateral to the bank as soon as they see that the price of their securities has declined.

But the banks are guided always by the character and the financial standing of each borrower. Each bank has a list of favorite borrowers who can secure whatever money they need in times of stress or in times of calm. The loan clerks know who the favorites are and show them every courtesy. It means a good deal for a Stock Exchange house to get on the "favored list" of a Wall street bank.

Some borrowers, in order to stand well with a bank, never complain when the bank raises the rate on their loans. They go on the theory that it is foolish to dispute a rate with a bank when the difference between 2 per cent and 2½ means only $1.39 a day on the interest charge for a $100,000 loan.—New York Post.

CONTINENTAL SCRIP.

What a Two Dollar Bill of the Year 1774 Looked Like.

One of the few pieces of continental scrip now in existence is owned by a former teacher at Shortridge high school. It was given to her at Christmas time in 1908 by a fellow teacher.

The piece measures about 5¾ by 2½ inches and is framed to show both sides. Within an intricate leaf and branch border design, on the front side, is printed:

"This indented bill of $2 shall entitle the bearer thereof to receive bills of exchange, payable in London, or gold and silver, at the rate of 4s. 6d. sterling per dollar for the said bill, according to the directions of an act of assembly of Maryland. Dated in Annapolis, this 10th day of April anno Domini, 1774. William Eddis H. Lapham."

In an upper corner of the reverse side is a picture, about an inch and a half square, representing the British crown, at each side of which is a tiny picture of a man. One of the men is represented as holding a spade, while from the hand of the other dangles a fish on a string. At each end on this side of the scrip are the words, "'Tis death to counterfeit," and at the bottom are the names of the printers, A. O. and F. Green.—Indianapolis News.

Moon Rivers.

The so called craters, ring mountains and empty sea beds of the moon are not the only interesting phenomena which our satellite presents to the view. There are on many parts of the moon's surface long, narrow lines called "rills," evidently much below the general level of the ground, some of them comparable in breadth and depth to the great canyons of our western country. Certain astronomers have been disposed to regard these rills as cracks and rents in the crust of the moon, but others have adopted the suggestion, made long ago, that they are river channels. It may be remarked of these ancient lunar river channels, if such they really are, that their wider ends always terminate in pear shaped hollows like little craters, and this end is nearly always higher than the other, so that if the craters were once lakes their waters must have flowed out into the rivers instead of the waters of the rivers emptying into the lakes.—Harper's.

The Education of a Gentleman.

Friday afternoon was "debate day" in a school. On that afternoon classes after 2 o'clock were let go, and the assembled school listened to shyly spoken pieces of poetry and addresses to gladiators. Then came the climax, the debate when world issues were settled for once and all. The speeches were after the pattern of this one, which one teacher recalls:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I rise to defend the affirmative of the question whether it is better to have wealth or education. Mr. Chairman, if you was to get a kiss letter from a lady and couldn't read it, wouldn't you just feel like going away and dying? I close now to give place to an abler spenker."—New York Post.

A Proverb Scrutinized.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," said the man who complains.

"Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, "that's one way o' sayin' it. You might also mention that it's easier fur a man to sell a gold brick in a town where they don't know him."—Washington Star.

Tried to Do Better.

A tramp told a woman a hard luck story about losing his wife and family and home in an explosion.

"But," the woman said, "that isn't the same story you told me last week."

"I know, lady," said the tramp, "but you didn't believe last week's story."

Worse Still.

Willie—Does your pa ever send you to bed before 7 when you're naughty? Bobby—Worse'n that. When I've been bad he makes me get up before 7.—Boston Transcript.

Be wise today. 'Tis madness to defer.—Young.

Possibly She Had Been There.

A little girl who lived on a street near a dentist's office, where a shooting affray occurred, happened to hear the pistol shots and shouts of the police. Revolving it in her baby mind, an explanation dawned upon her and, turning to her father, she said, "He must have pulled the wrong tooth for somebody."

How Deafness Comes.

Without using the scientific terms, there are two kinds of deafness that creep on us gradually, the hardening of the eardrum and the running ear, both conducive to less and less ability to hear clearly. Many who are so afflicted attribute the ailment to catarrhal influence or increasing years and do nothing to remedy what they deem incurable. There is no science so backward as that which deals with diseases of the ear. Aurists and osteologists have made some curative progress in octostosis, a process of bone formation in which ossification takes place within the substance of the cartilage. Few cures have been actually effected, and a prominent medical authority states that until the cause and cure of rheumatism are determined deafness will continue. The presence of uric acid in the system is, according to this learned man, the cause of deafness either swift or progressive. Banish this blood alien and the deaf will hear. It is advisable, therefore, to watch out against the twinges of gout and the rheumatic stiffening of the joints and muscles if deafness is to be sidetracked.—Leslie's.

The Bibliomaniac's Error.

There is a famous story of a man, Don Vincente of Aragon, that is told by all writers upon the art of book hunting. This Don Vincente is called by Andrew Lang "the great pattern of bibliolepts." To get the book he coveted he killed its possessor and set fire to his house so as to cover up his crime. But the man was at last suspected and the famous book found in his possession to confirm the suspicion. The case against him was argued on the ground that there was but one copy in the world of the book found in his possession, and its previous owner was known to all. Don Vincente had a clever lawyer, who proved that another copy did exist in the Louvre, and since there were two, he argued, there might also be more, and so Don Vincente might have come honestly by his. At this Don Vincente gave a great cry and said to the alcalde: "Ah, Senor Alcalde, my error was clumsy indeed! My copy was not unique."—Frederick A. King in Bookman.

The Shape of the Sky.

What is the apparent form of the vault of the sky? There is probably no one to whose eyes it seems a true hemisphere, with the zenith appearing as distant as the horizon. At sea or in a flat country the seeming greater distance of the horizon is best shown. Professor J. M. Perniter in a study of this subject reached the conclusion that the form of the vault in vertical section is that of the segment of a circle, the arc of which subtends at the center at an angle of the order of 40 degrees. If the reader will draw such a segment he may be surprised by the amount of flattening which is thus ascribed to the sky. From this optical illusion many curious effects arise, such as the seeming increased magnitude of the sun and moon when near the horizon and the apparently oval forms of halos and coronas seen at low altitudes.

The Word "Humbug."

The idea of the "humbug" is as old as the first fakir of India, for the earliest as well as the latest of these, though ostensibly "holy men," and at times most sincere, are often only too ready to deceive the credulous by the tricks which they practice. But the word itself is explained as being a corruption of the word "Hamburg."

During the period when war prevailed on the European continent many false reports and bulletins were issued from the city of Hamburg, in Germany, so that finally when any one wished to suggest his disbelief in a statement, even if printed in the papers, he said, "Oh, that comes from Hamburg," or "That is a Hamburg," soon corrupted into "humbug" as the stamp of fakirism.—New York Mail.

The Bald Spot.

A child of two years, with bright eyes and a roguish mind, began suddenly to giggle in church one Sunday morning. Noticing the child watching the back of a nodding deacon's head, the mother inquired into the cause of such merriment.

"Oh, mamma," laughed the child, "dat man's head is peeking out at me through a hole in his hair!"—National Monthly.

She Doesn't Have To.

"I know a woman who never has to ask her husband for money."

"He must be a very good husband."

"He isn't."

"Then how is it she never has to ask him for money?"

"Because the court makes him pay her alimony."—Baltimore American.

Scientific.

A scientific writer says that the only color that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. True enough. A man always knows when he feels "blue."—New Orleans Picayune.

Just His Idea.

Tommy—Pop, are the bald eagles a distinct variety? Tommy's Pop—I can't say positively, my son, but I rather fancy a bald eagle is simply a married one.—Philadelphia Record.

More Convenient.

"Does a certain sublimated and objective altruism ever move you?"

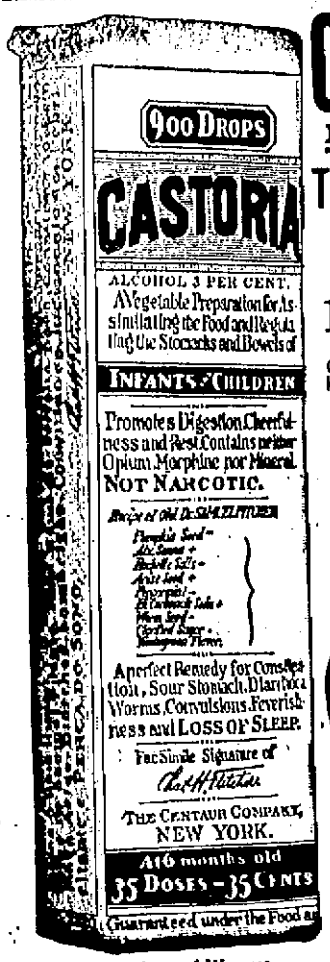
"No; we generally use a couple of big motor trucks."—Exchange.

The Crisis.

Randall—When did he first amount to anything? Rogers—When he first realized that he didn't amount to anything.—Life.

Club for Men and Girl Clerks.

In a fortnight Leeds will possess what is believed to be the only club of its kind in the country—a club solely for shop assistants, warehousemen and clerks. Women will be eligible for membership, and in addition to having the use of all the rooms open to the men, including the billiard room, they will have a lounge for their exclusive use.—London Mail.



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Strength of a Grizzly Bear.

It is related that a grizzly bear that had one of its fore paws so shot as to render it useless employed the other to draw its weight of 1,000 pounds up an incline almost precipitous, a seemingly impossible feat. A Californian asserts that while in the mountains he observed a big grizzly in the act of carrying a dead cow home to her cubs. From his position on the mountain side the Californian could follow every movement of the bear in the sparsely timbered valley below. He contends that the big beast carried the cow in her fore paws for a distance of three miles, across jagged rocks several feet in height, over fallen logs around the rocky mountain side, where even a mule could not get a foothold, to a narrow trail up the steep mountain side. This bear, it appears, stopped not a moment for rest, but proceeded straight on. The observer followed her and about half a mile from her lair shot her. The cow, it is reported, weighed at least 1,200 pounds, while the weight of the grizzly was about 450 pounds.—Fur News.

Trapping the Poachers.

A keeper awakened to the fact that in the silent watches of the night some of his pheasants were being systematically purloined. Footprints were always discernible; but, as there was nothing remarkable about any of them, they were of no value for detective purposes. They served, however, to suggest a plan. He went to the local cobbler and offered him a generous reward for the performance of a very simple task. When three suspected persons sent their boots for repairs, the nails or tickets were to be placed in the soles according to different designs which the keeper would provide. The son of St. Crispin agreed to the proposal, and it was carried into effect as opportunity offered. The result was that a charge of poaching was proved against two of the three men through the distinctive impressions made by their boots in the retentive soil. The cobbler's connivance in the keeper's little scheme was, of course, kept a strict secret.—Glasgow News.

A Persistent Tutor.

In 1879, when President Grevy took up his residence at the Elysee, he was investigating the shortage of accommodation in the palace when he was told that half of one of the stories was occupied by "a gentleman" who refused to leave. The gentleman had been there for four or five years.

Grevy went to ask him personally what his business was and learned that he was the tutor of the children of a former president, Marshal MacMahon.

"But the marshal ceased to be president some years ago," remarked M. Grevy.

"That may be," replied the gentleman. "But I was appointed Elysee tutor. The Elysee is still here, and so am I."

Eventually, in order to get rid of the tutor, the president had to give him a well paid job in one of the government offices.

Wouldn't Take a Dare.

Can a dog respond to a taunt? A Vermont dog, which was growing old, was in a barn one day with his master. The two were up in a haymow, from which a sloping ladder led down to the barn floor. The master walked down the ladder, but the dog went around another way.

When the animal reached the barn floor his master said tauntingly: "Poor old fellow! Daren't walk down the ladder any more!"

Whereupon the dog, with a quick glance at his master, walked clear up the ladder to the top, and then turned round and walked down it again. The proceeding looked very much like a deliberate demonstration on the dog's part to prove to his master that he was still capable of walking up and down a slanting ladder.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LOTS OF RUSSIAN NOBLES.

Their Blood May Not Be Blue, but They Have White Bones.

In reference to an amazing prodigality of Russian titles Bethay Reynolds in "My Russian Year" says:

"In Russia all the descendants of a hereditary nobleman are noble, and all the descendants of princes, counts and barons enjoy the right to use those titles; hence there are rich princes and poor princes, princes with distinguished manners and princes with no manners, elegant princes and princes you could not possibly be seen walking down Piccadilly with, princes in palaces and princes in garrets, princes who are desirable partis and princes who advertise in the newspapers for wives with money.

"A glance at the St. Petersburg directory and a rough calculation show that there are some 200 men, women and children in the capital alone who all belong to the same princely family and bear the same name and exalted title.

"The first prince I met in St. Petersburg was the head waiter of the Hotel de France. He had an incontestible right to the title and was an excellent servant. His case, however, ought not to be cited as an instance of the decay of the Russian nobility, for he was a Tartar from a part of the Caucasus, where princes were so abundant that when Russia acquired it only those who could produce a certain number of sheep were granted the legal right to preserve the title. Many borrowed sheep for the purpose, and princes are so common at the present day that beggar boys in Tiflis give the title to each other.

"Russian nobles do not have blue blood; they have white bones. Common people have black bones. In spite of the leveling of society by the debasement of the nobility great importance is attached to the possession of the white bones."

CROWNED WITH A SILK HAT.

West African Savages Have a Queer Way of Inaugurating a King.

In "The Fetish Folk of West Africa" Mr. Robert H. Milligan describes the grotesque ceremony of inaugurating a native king:

The king was chosen from among the people by the elders, and he was selected for his wisdom. The ceremonies of his enthronement were such that he required not only wisdom, but also courage, physical strength and a superb digestion. The man's first intimation that he had been chosen by the elders was an onrush of the entire tribe—not to do him honor, but to abuse and insult him in every possible way.

They would hurl opprobrious epithets at him, curse him, spit upon him, pelt him with mud and beat him, for, they said, from this time on he could do all these things to them, and they would be powerless to retaliate. It was their last chance!

They also reminded him of all his failings in graphic and minute particulars. If the king survived this treatment he was then taken to the former king's house, where he was solemnly invested with the insignia of the kingly office in the shape of a silk hat. No one except the king was permitted to wear a silk hat.

Following the inauguration ceremony the people came and bowed before the new king in humble submission, while they praised him as enthusiastically as they had before reviled him. Then he was fed and feted for a week, during which time he was not permitted to leave his house, but had to receive guests from all parts of his dominion and eat with them all. These ceremonies ended, he turned to the comparatively easy and commonplace duties of his kingly office. This custom, like many others, has passed away under the influence of civilization.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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Delivered From Evil.

The twilight of mild July was full of tender, opal brightness, the scent of new mown hay, coming down from far off breezy slopes, floated in the air, and just beyond the elms in the hollow full moon was rising up—a great globe pearl—and from her low seat beneath the overhanging honeysuckles, Bertha Wyman saw and felt all this summer beauty with the faint, blissful languor of a trouble dream.

"Bertha!"

Paul Fordham crossed the broad ribbon of moonlight that fluttered over the piazza, and came to sit down at his fiance's feet.

"You are like a picture tonight, Bertha, do you know it?"

"Am I?"

Miss Wyman was accustomed to adulation, and took it very coolly, with a royal smile flung down to her admirer.

She was like a picture—fair and gracious, with blue eyes, and great coils of golden hair bound about her head; while, even in the dim twilight, you could see that the color on her cheeks was softer and more tenderly tinted than the blossoms of the great oleander at her side.

"Hush—who is that?" she said with a little start, as a light footstep sounded on the matted hall beyond.

"Only your aunt's companion, Mrs. Raymond. By the way, Bertha, what a very interesting little thing she is—such a child widow, with those big, black eyes, and the heavy lashes that seem actually to weigh down her eyelids! She makes me think of one of those exquisite little South American birds, all grace and sparkle."

"I never could account for the taste of young men," said Bertha, half contemptuously.

"No; but she is a beauty, by Jove. I can tell you what, my fair Saxon empress, if I hadn't lost my heart irrevocably to you, long before I ever saw Mrs. Raymond, there is no telling what might have happened."

He spoke jestingly, but Bertha drew away the hand he had taken rather coolly.

"It is not yet too late, Paul, if you really admire Zaidee Raymond so enthusiastically."

"Bertha!"

Miss Wyman laughed a strange, unnatural sort of laugh. Up to this moment her lips had never tasted the bitter cup of jealousy, now it seemed as if the draught was maddening. How dared Paul Fordham, her betrothed lover, to speak in terms of commendation of any woman save herself.

Bertha was one of those unfortunate creatures who have what is termed "a high temper," and all her life it had been indulged. She had never learned the lesson of self-control, and it was too late to begin now.

Miss Wyman went up to her own apartment earlier than usual that evening, not because she was particularly weary, but because she wanted to punish Paul Fordham, who was fond of moonlight and sentiment, and delicious July evenings, for his unwarrantable notice of her aunt's dark-eyed companion.

As she sat at her window, brushing out the wavy, feathery gold of her magnificent hair, the sound of voices on the piazza below arrested her attention. She listened a moment, holding the golden masses away from her head, with her scarlet lips half apart. It was Paul Fordham and Zaidee Raymond.

"I thought so," she murmured, under her breath. "It would be no bad speculation for the poverty-stricken widow to wile Paul Fordham and his wealth into her net. I know she was artful despite her innocent, childish ways; but if she dares to come in collision with me she shall be crushed—crushed as I would strike a noisome insect to the ground."

She sat there silent and motionless, for well nigh half an hour; then there came a soft tap at her chamber door.

"Come in," said Bertha Wyman.

And Mrs. Raymond entered.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Wyman, but were you aware that you had left your bracelet on the piazza floor? Here it is."

"It takes you and Mr. Fordham some time to discover the loss of a bracelet," said Bertha, taunt ingly. "I am really sorry to have given you the trouble of so lengthened a search."

Zaidee Raymond's cheeks flushed painfully.

"If you would but allow me to confide in you, Miss Wyman," she faltered drawing a step or two nearer to the haughty Saxon beauty. "Mr. Fordham has just told me."

"I do not wish to become the repository of your confidence," said Bertha, with chilling acuteness, "nor do I care what Mr. Fordham chooses to tell you. Good night."

And she motioned Mrs. Raymond imperatively from her presence.

"I should have struck her in another second," she murmured to herself, tearing the tiny lace frill away from her throbbing throat, as if its slight pressure impeded her inspiration. "I have seen the nurses shrink away from me, as a child, when my temper rose. There was murder in my eyes, they said. I think murder came into my heart when I stood there facing that treacherous black-eyed woman. Let her beware how she ventures to come between me and mine!"

Unconscious Paul Fordham! If he could only have known, as he paced up and down the dewy lawn, smoking his cigar, the thoughts that were passing through the mind of his lovely bethrothed!

"Bertha," he said the next afternoon, as they stood together by the great, spicy sweetbriar bush, "do you know I had quite a chat with Mrs. Raymond last night?"

"I am aware of it," answered Bertha, indifferently, stooping to gather a scent-spray.

"And by Jove, Bertha, the little creature has had the most romantic life, to—"

"I dare say," said Bertha, turning abruptly away. "The breeze is too strong out here. I think I would rather go back to the library."

Paul stared at his companion in utter bewilderment. "I suppose that means she doesn't want to talk any more about Zaidee Raymond. Well, of all incomprehensible creatures, a woman is the most incomprehensible! They are leagues and leagues beyond my penetration, the whole race of them. I supposed she would be interested and here she snaps my head off before I get out a dozen words."

And Paul followed Bertha to the library, confused and not altogether pleased at the arbitrary decisiveness of the beautiful blond.

It was about a week afterward that Bertha Wyman was coming home from a long walk to a distant farmhouse, where an old schoolmate of hers resided. She had refused Paul Fordham's escort, probably because she had seen him walking up and down the long hall with Mrs. Raymond at his side, last very morning; and now she felt a little wearied, somewhat lonely, and very cross. The sun had been down about half an hour, but the west was still illuminated with a belt of orange brightness, and the winding river, tangled along the shore with starry water lilies, reflected the warm glow of the sky like a second firmament.

As Bertha descended into a little hollow, fragrant with wild roses—for she had avoided the thoroughfare, unfrequented though it was, and chosen instead a shaded by-path—she became conscious that two other persons were strolling along the road itself, from whom she was only divided by a tangled mass of wild grape-vines festooned from the slender branches of a few silver birches—two other persons—Paul Fordham and Zaidee Raymond.

The color died away from Bertha's somewhat flushed cheeks, as she paused to listen, for they, too, had paused where two roads separated.

"We mustn't walk any further together," said Paul Fordham's voice. "Nobody is to suspect anything yet, you know. We'll surprise them."

And then came Zaidee's soft, hesitating laugh.

"It seems like a dream, Mr. Fordham."

"But you will find it, I hope, a happy reality," he said. "You do not regret trusting me?"

"Oh!" she murmured. "I never dreamed that earth had so much happiness in store for me yet! And I owe it all to you!"

And then Bertha could hear his footsteps dying away in the distance; she could see Mrs. Raymond standing motionless for a moment, with her tiny hands clasped, and then gliding on, her scarlet scarf glimmering through the dusk like the wing of a Ceylon bird.

"False! faithless!" murmured Bertha under her breath, with her white teeth set closely together. "And she! How dare she?"

The storm of hot, unreasoning fury that raged in her breast seemed to shake her slight frame as a leaf is shaken by the equinoctial gale; and her eyes literally blazed with blue, baleful fire. At that instant there was murder in Bertha Wyman's heart.

She hurried down the twilight glade the thorns tearing her dress, the briers wounding her delicate flesh, but she felt them no more than if they had been rose-petals blown towards her by evening breezes. Some strong savage purpose was maturing in her mind—some overmastering passion held her whole being in its grasp.

She knew that, to strike into the right road Zaidee must ere long take the secluded path she herself was treading. Her aim was to reach the tiny footbridge which crossed the narrow river first.

And she succeeded. It was quite dark—the fragrant, starry darkness of a midsummer night—when she hurried down the steep, swelling bank.

"The planks are old and ruinous," she murmured. "They shook and rattled under my feet as I passed over today. Zaidee Raymond shall come between me and my plighted lover no more!"

As she crossed she deliberately stooped, tearing up plank after plank behind her and throwing them into the river with a dull splashing sound. They were not large, but had they been twice, nay, thrice their size Bertha Wyman would have torn them away from the mouldering beams, so supernatural seemed her strength in that instant.

"There," she said, half aloud, pausing to look down into the peaceful stream where the planks floated amid the faint reflection of innumerable stars "Long ago, when I was a child a man was drowned here. The water is deep and the spot is lonely."

The next moment she was gone, hurrying madly away, as if some unseen presence were following close upon her footsteps.

"You're late tonight, Bertha?"

Paul was looking out for her from the piazza steps and came pleasantly to meet her.

"I know it," she said, putting the hair away from her forehead, where the cold dew stood in beads. "It's a long way from Rideout farm and I—I did not walk very fast."

"Come and sit by me, Bertha," said Paul. "I've a long story to tell you."

"What is it?" she asked mechanically.

"It's about little Zaidee Raymond. She's not a widow at all.

"Not a widow?"

"No; and how do you suppose I found out? Clifford, my cousin Clifford wrote to me from India, and he is her husband. You see there was some misunderstanding, some absurd quarrel between them before the honeymoon was over. He was a jealous fool, and she was passionate, and she ran away and left him. He somehow heard that she was in this part of the country and wrote me. Of course, the minute I got a chance to speak to her I knew it was Zaidee. And she is the happiest little creature in the world to think he really loves her, and next week she's going out to him. I've managed it all. Don't you think I'm a pretty good diplomat?"

His face was fairly radiant with honest pleasure as he looked down into Bertha's face. She did not see the gaze; her eyes, wide open and dilated, were fixed on vacancy, and her face was deadly white.

Merciful God of Heaven! What had she done, in the wild, unreasoning madness of her jealousy? Was she a murderess? Was the blot of Cain upon her brow?

Alas! for the wild remorse that gnawed at her heart all the slow, creeping hours of that dreadful night! Had the wealth of a hundred worlds been hers, she would have cheerfully given it all to undo the work of those few maniac minutes on the lonely bridge! Nay, she would have died herself, in all the bloom of her youth and hope and beauty, to wipe out that brief half-hour of her life.

When she rose the next morning she looked as if an illness of months had passed her head.

"How ill you look, dear?" said her aunt. "I am afraid that walk was too much for you yesterday. And it's so strange that Zaidee did not come home last night."

"Strange!" As Bertha closed her heavy eyes she almost seemed to see the dead face turned upward among the water lilies, with its wreath of jetty hair tangled amid their wreathed stems Oh, God! as long as she lived that white face would haunt her in waking or sleeping hours.

Would it be long before they found the corpse? Would they bring it up the flowery lawn, with the long, dripping tresses, or would it float there for days, perhaps, in the lonely spot; And—

"Why, Zaidee! where have you been all this time?"

Bertha started up, with a wild, hysterical scream. It was her aunt's voice and Zaidee Raymond stood in the midst of them, with blooming cheeks and soft, dimpling smiles.

"At Farmer Geary's, to be sure. It was so dark when I passed there last night, the kind souls insisted on my staying there with them until morning. And it was a very lucky thing I did, for when we got to the bridge this morning we found that the thunder shower in the night had raised the stream and washed away half those ruinous old planks!"

Bertha Wyman rose and came toward Zaidee, taking her in her bosom with a strong, tender pressure that the poor creature scarcely understood.

"Oh, Zaidee, we were so frightened! Thank Heaven, you are safe once more! Dearest Zaidee, Paul has told me all, and I am so glad!"

If ever woman spoke from the bottom of her heart, Bertha Wyman did at that moment.

The next week Mrs. Raymond went out to join her husband in India; and a month afterward Paul Fordham was married to Bertha, whose unwonted gentleness and sweetness of demeanor rather astonished the household.

"Something has changed her very much," said the good old aunt. But no one ever knew what the "something" was that had wrought such an alteration in Bertha's character.

Abraham Lincoln's Philosophic Comment on Public Abuse.

Many of the business acquaintances and social friends of President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven System have wondered, publicly and privately, at the personal equanimity with which he has met the attacks on him and his progressive methods as a railroad president. The secret of it is that he finds daily inspiration and courage in these words of one of the greatest and most abused and criticised Presidents of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, uttered during the Civil War:

"If I were to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Mr. Mellen keeps on his desks in Boston, New York and New Haven, and in his home as well, illuminated cards containing the paragraph quoted above, and hardly an hour in the day passes that he does not turn to read again the true and effective philosophy of President Lincoln.

Appreciated Brevity.

Doctor Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred:

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing." exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met."—Chicago Record-Herald.

'Twas Mither Venus.

Mrs. B— F— has three treasures in her home.

One of these treasures is a new servant girl who is just exactly like a new broom. You get us? The other two are statuettes—lovely plaster reproductions of the Venus de Milo and the Apollo Belvidere.

Enter the servant with a new broom. Starts in to live up to the proverbial wisdom by making a clean sweep. Down goes a statuette with a smash. The servant goes out to confess. "Please, mum," she says, tearfully, "I've bruk a statoo."

"O, dear! The Venus?"

"No, mum. 'Twas Mither Venus I bruk. His wife was busted before I came."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Metropolitan Marvels.

"So you're back from New York, Si?"

"Yes. An' tired out."

"Fast town, eh?"

"Fast—ain't do name fer it. I saw banks open all night—t' accommodate them as lose their money early in th' evinin', I 'spose, an' lawyers' offices open at 8 o'clock in th' morning—t' fix up them as are in a hurry fer divorce an' can't wait till daylight; an' what else d' you think?"

"What else? Well, I wouldn't be s'prised t' hear of anything."

"An' I saw a fun'ral goin' lickety split, with an automobile hearse leading th' procession an' settin' th' pace!"

"Well, Si, s'pose they have t' git th' dead outer out o' th' way in a hurry t' give th' live ones room, eh?"—Judge.

Not Disturbed.

Two spiders that dwelt in different parts of a church one day chanced to meet and got into deep conversation and asked one another where they lived.

"I live under the pulpit," said No. 1, "and every week I always think I shall be getting killed. The parson bangs his hand down and I have to get into the smallest corner for fear of getting squashed."

"Oh," said No. 2, "you ought to come and live with me. I never get disturbed from one year end to another."

"Why, where do you live?" asked No. 1.

"I live in the poor box."—London Weekly Telegraph.

It was during the rush hour last Saturday night. A man and a girl got on a Euclid avenue car at the public square and succeeded in getting a whole seat. Then the car filled up, and the stander opposite that seat couldn't help hearing a part of the conversation, which was low, but impassioned. The young man appeared to be pleading for something; the girl was evidently demurring.

"Please," he whispered, but she shook her head. At Fortieth street he was still begging, and then she grew firm—nay, haughty.

"No," she said. "I cannot, I might, Harold, but your station is too far above my own."

We took that for false humility, but the event proved that she spoke the truth, for she got off at Fifty-fifth street, while he went to 105th.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Broke It Gently.

A young author and critic, who has come to be an authority upon a certain modern phase of education, went a few days ago to deliver his first lecture at a girls' school. He had lectured before but never at a young ladies' seminary, and as two white frocked, curly haired ushers led him out to the platform and he sat down beside the matronly principal among the women who made up the faculty and faced a sea of girls' faces he was young enough to feel a bit of embarrassment himself. It was rather difficult at first, but once the lecture was started things went all right.

He finished what he had to say and sat down. The audience and the matronly principal and the women who made up the faculty clapped their hands enthusiastically. Then the applause died down and silence settled upon the lecture hall. The young man sat on waiting for some one to say something, dimly conscious that a move of one kind or another was expected of him. But his lecture was finished. He had said all he had to say. There were no questions from faculty or students. A few of the girls began to fidget, but no one spoke.

The young man became unpleasantly aware that he was expected to do something and to do it at once, but he did not know what to do. He reflected miserably that he did not know the etiquette of a girls' school anyhow. And then there was a signal from the principal and a move in the audience, and the prettier of the two girl ushers approached him, a little embarrassed, a little shy, determined to do her duty.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. B.," she murmured, "but I'm afraid you'll have to—you'll have to start right this minute if you want to make your train!"—New York Times.

Rebuked.

He gave palpable evidence of weighing at least 240 and towered 6 feet 4 inches into the air. He looked as if the champion heavyweight of the prize ring might go down before like a reed before the wind. By his side stood a little woman of 5 feet 10 and possibly 90 pounds in weight. She had the meek and subdued look of a woman who had borne much. While they waited for their car on a corner, a passerby heard the giant say: "Can't you let me have a quarter, Jennie?"

Jennie's voice cut the air like a blade, as she said:

"Now, see here, Jim Baggs, didn't I tell you before we left home that 10 cents was all I intended you should have to spend? I sure did, an' I should think you had been married to me long enough to know that when I say a thing I mean it! I think I see you havin' a whole quarter to fool away on seegars an' such stuff! Now you make make my more fuss and you'll stay home the next time I come to town."—M. M. M., in Judge.

The Turkey Was Tame.

A gentleman who was buying a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim asked him in making the purchase if it was a tame turkey.

"Oh, yais, sir; it's a tame turkey, sir, right!"

"Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?"

"Oh, yais, sir; dere's no so't o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame turkey, all right."

He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later when eating it came across several shot. Later on, when he met old Ephraim on the street, he said:

"Well, Ephraim, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it."

"Oh, dat was a tame turkey, all right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder, "but de fac' is, boss, I'se gwine to tell yer in confidence, dat dem 'ere shot was intended for me."—Atlanta Journal.

Equal To Emergencies.

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well known proprietor was severely tested one day. He sent in his card by the office boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting room by a glass partition.

When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste basket. The boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card. The boy brought out five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying:

"Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.—Everybody's Magazine.

Ingenious Tommy.

Tommy had teased, begged and implored his father to buy him a watch. The impatient father's answer was, "No; once and for all, no! If I hear you mention the word watch again I shall punish you severely!"

That evening the family assembled at the dinner table, and, as was their custom before eating, each repeated a verse from the Bible.

When Tommy's turn came he said. "What I say unto one of you, I say unto all of you—watch!"

The watch was forthcoming.—Judge.

Her Rake-Off.

Round and pompous the doctor was strolling down the street, when he was spoken to by a poor woman.

"Good morning, sir," remarked the latter.

"Good morning, madam," replied the medico.

"I expect you are making a good thing out of attending to that rich Smith boy?" said the lady.

"Oh, yes, a fairly good fee," replied the doctor, somewhat angrily.

"Well, whispered the lady, "I hope you won't forget that it was my Willie who threw the brick that hit him."—London Answers.

"You'll be the happiest man on earth I suppose when your time's up," suggested the kindly old gentleman.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the convict. "I'm in here for life."—Buffalo Express.

Customer (angrily) This is really scandalous! I never had such food put before me. Where is the proprietor?

Waiter Gone out to lunch, sir.—Illustrated Bits.

The girl that can't sing and won't try to sing is a bird that any young man man should be anxious to furnish a cage for.—Chicago News.

Saved His Cable Tolls.

A wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn. He could have learned the truth by cabling; but, to save expense, instead he went to a well known banker who had received the news and requested him to reveal the name of the firm.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition:

"I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me."

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said. "The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine, that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

What's the Use.

One man met another man on the street.

This is constantly happening, of course. And yet most of the people who tell you anecdotes seem to think that is a bright and original opening. There must be something to it, therefore, we experiment with it in this instance. One man met another man on the street, and the first man said to the second man:

"Hello, Jim! You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a new one for you."

"A new what," asked the second man of the first man suspiciously.

"A new conundrum."

"There ain't any such thing. If it's good it ain't new, and if it's new it ain't—"

"Cut it. Now, listen: "What's the difference between a poet and a plumber?"

"Aw, that's easy. A poet never has any money, and a—"

"You're way off. Anybody knows that difference. Now, listen, here's the answer: 'A poet pipes a lay and a plumber lays a—'"

"My plumber don't. He—"

"Aw, what's the use of telling a good joke to a man without a sense of humor?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rockefeller Learned the Reason.

John D. Rockefeller and a party of friends were taking a trip across country in Georgia last fall when they came to a stream which they had to cross by ferry. The ferryboat was operated by a white-haired old negro. While they were floating across Mr. Rockefeller tried to make conversation.

"Jack," he asked the old man, "have you caught any fish today?"

"Naw, sah," replied Jack, dejectedly.

"The darling," observed Rockefeller, "must be very poor."

"I spec' it is," agreed Jack, sadly.

"You haven't caught any fish at all?"

"Not at all."

"That seems strange," continued Rockefeller.

"It do," said Jack, and still his bearing was that of a man weighed down by woe.

"Well, asked Rockefeller, "why is it, do you think, you haven't caught any fish?"

"Humph," said Jack, still mournful, "I ain't been fishing today."—Popular Magazine.

Positive Proof.

A New York lawyer said in Washington of a certain exposure:

"The proof was positive—as positive as the proof against the barber.

"There was a barber, who was accused of secret inebriety, but his old patrons refused to credit such a charge.

"A staunch old patron went to the man to be shaved one morning. The barber in silence began to lather him, and then suddenly seized him by the nose.

"Lathering away, the barber gripped the nose so firmly that its owner grunted in pain.

"'Here, let go my nose!'

"But the barber, still holding on tight, said as he lathered steadily out

"'Can't! If I did I'd fall down.'"—Washington Star.

"What kind of music suits your taste?"

"Well, I'm not particular. I like it either rare or well done."—Lippincott's.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa; regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Head ache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar, only one little pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose one pill.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

Smart Weed and Belladonna, combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

"What were poor old Hartley's last words?" asked Hicks, at the funeral.

"He didn't have any," said the widow, "I was with him to the last."—Harper's Weekly.

Alice—Jack is such a large-hearted fellow.

Maud—That is why I rejected him; he's so large-hearted that he can love half a dozen girls at the same time.

Nell—Miss Antique says the only reason she has never married is because she has an ideal. What do you suppose her ideal is?

Belle—Simply a man who will propose.—Philadelphia Record.

"Childhood presents many paradoxes," asserted the bachelor.

"What instance have you in mind?" asked the friend.

"A spoiled child may be extremely fresh."—Buffalo Express.

"I asked him how he got rich and he told me, but I shan't follow his advice."

"Why not?"

"I don't like his methods."

"Dishonest?"

"Not at all. He said he simply saved his money instead of spending it for everything he thought he wanted."—Detroit Free Press.

"This advertisement smacks of pessimism."

"How now?"

"Gentleman offers to exchange an assortment of Christmas presents for anything useful."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I nouce a couple was married in a balloon."

"Did they have a falling out afterward?"

"Pa, what's a joint bank account of man and wife?"

"That's the account, my son, where the husband does the depositing and the wife the withdrawing."—Judge.

Miss Footlight—I have here a certificate from a doctor to the effect that I can't sing tonight.

The Manager—Why go to all that trouble? I'll give you a certificate that you never could sing.

Jim Johnson—Am yo'r horse afraid of automobiles?

Joe Jackson—Yais.

Jim Johnson—Ah thought he was blind and deaf?

Joe Jackson—He am—but he kin smell.

"Young Malloran seems to have a great admiration for your daughter, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Sure, 'twas the same wid me when I was a gerl, Miss. Ah, many's the brave young heart was broke by my face."—Punch.

Servant (announcing caller)—Mrs. Dabbington Dibbs!

Mistress—Not at home.

Servant—She's got a new dress on, mum.

Mistress—Show her in.—Bystander.

"So this is a court room," whispered one of the fair women interested in the tuberculosis fight.

"Yes," replied her escort.

"Well, where are the wheels of justice I hear so much about? I'd like to see them."—Detroit Free Press.

She—My little brother shot off his gun this morning and the bullet went through my hair. He—How careless of you to leave it lying around.—Chicago Daily News.

"Papa, what does Santa Claus do between Christmases?" "Hides from his creditors.—Life.

"Do you always do as your mother tells you?" asked the minister.

"Yes," answered the 5-year-old, "and so does papa."

"Were you ever in a railroad disaster?"

"Yes—I once kissed the wrong girl while going through a tunnel."

Wiggs—Bjones is pretty hard to please, isn't he? Wagg—Almost as hard to please as a college graduate looking for his first job.—Philadelphia Record.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my girl happy?

Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could have seen her when I proposed.—Clark's Book-Herald.

"Did anyone call while I was out, Norah?" "Yes, mum, a gintleman called. I don't know his name, but I could show you his face, as there's four of him up on your dressin'-table."—Satire.

"Tom, what is reciprocity?" "It's this way. I give you a hug and you give me a kiss. That's reciprocity." Will you do it?" "I fear it might lead to annexation, and I don't know that I am prepared for that."—Red Hen.

"Pa, what is a pillory?" "A what?" "A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday and I didn't know." "Why, that's a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The hunter, who had been mistaken for a deer and shot, roused up and beckoned to the hospital nurse. "Understand," said he, "I don't care so much about being killed, but it's this being made game of that hurts my feelings."—Denver Republican.

"Nature evens up in the long run," moralized the Old Fogy. "Everything turns out for the best."

"I don't believe it," returned the Cheerful Idiot. "You never saw a red-headed man who got bald."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Drummer—Would you believe it, each sample costs us 10 cents apiece.

Friend—Indeed? And what does the finished product cost?

The Drummer—Three cents a dozen. We have to make the samples good, you know.—Puck.

Down in Colley county a justice of the peace fined an offender $1 and taxed him $2.65 for costs.

"Why did you make the cost $2.65?" asked the defendant.

"Because it takes just that amount to buy a case of beer," replied the dispenser of justice.—Kansas Journal.

"Would you be satisfied with life in a cottage?"

"Sure. What we save on the house we can put into the automobile."

"I am a candidate for your hand."

"But my parents have endorsed another young man."

"All right: I'll run as an insurgent."—Houston Chronicle.

Passenger—"Have I time enough to take something?"

Conductor—"Yes, sir."

Passenger—"You can guarantee that the train will not depart?"

Conductor—"Well, for the greater surety I will take something with you."—L'Opinion Publique.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Sherburne. Abiel, Dau'r, of Benj. & Lucy, d. Apr. 4, 1765, ag. 14 yrs. 11 mos.—Common ground.
Sherburne. A son of Benj. & Lucy (Gardner) d. July 29, 1746, ag. 8 mos. —Common ground.
Sherburne. Benj. of Benj. & Lucy, d. Sept. 11, 1747, ag. 14 m.—Common ground.
Sherburne. Col. Benj. d. Nov. 24, 1771, ag. 56 y.—Common ground.
Sherburne. Benj. of Benj. & Lucy, d——, ag. 14 mos.—Common ground.
Sherburne ——, of Benj. & Lucy, d. June 9, 1748, ag. 14 d.—Common ground.
Sherburne. David, of Benj. & Lucy, d. Nov. 10, 1762, ag. 3 y. 9 m.—Common ground.
Sherburne. Thomas, of Benj. & Lucy, d. Sept. 11, 1747, ag. 8 days.—Common ground.
Sherburne. Wm. of Benj. & Lucy, d. June 9, 1748, ag. 14 days.—Common ground.
Sherman. Abigail, of Benj. & Rebecca, d. Oct. 18, 1751, ag. 16 y.—Common ground.
Sherman. Ann, wife of John, d. Oct. 24, 1791, ag. 50 y. 6 m.—Common ground.
Sherman. Benj. of Benj. and Marg't, d. Dec. 23, 1747, ag. 20 d.—Common ground.
Sherman. Benj. of Benj. & Marg't, d. July 8, 1747, ag. 18 m. 20 d.—Common ground.
Sherman. Cath. wife of Ebenezer, d. Feb. 4, 1782, ag. 62 y.—Common ground.
Sherman. Eliz'th, wife of Benj. d. Nov. 6, 1727, ag. 22 y. 1 m. 6 d.—Common ground.
Sherman. Hannah, wife of Philip, d. May 15, 1740, ag. 57 y.—Common ground.
Sherman. Sarah, of Ebenezer & Cath. d. June 19, 1776, ag. 10 m. 29 d. —Common ground.
Simmons. Sarah, wife of Capt. Remember, d. Ap. 10, 1799, ag. 68 y.—Common ground.
Sims. John, of John & Bathsheba, d. Jan. 27, 1781-2, ag. 1 y. 3 m. 9 d.—Common ground.
Simpson. Susanna, of John and Susanna, d. Dec. 28, 1768, ag. 42 yrs.—Coaster's Harbour.
Singleton. Major Anthony of Richmond, Va., d. Oct. 4, 1795, ag. 46.—Trinity Churchyard.
Sisson. Bathsheba, of Robert & Margaret, d. July 30, 1787, ag. 3 m. 24 d.—Common ground.
Sisson. Bathsheba, wife of James, d. Nov. 15, 1740, ag. 35 y.—Common ground.
Sisson. Bathsheba, of Robert and Margaret, d. July 30, 1787, ag. 3 m. 24 d. Common ground.
Sisson. Mrs. Eliz'h, dau'r. of James, b. 1726, d. Aug. 22, 1774, ag. 48 y.—Common ground.
Sisson. Gideon, of Gideon and Mary, d. Sept. 17, 1769, ag. 1 y. 9 m. 27 days. Common ground.
Sisson. Lydia, wife of James, d. June 1714, ag. 52 y. Common ground.
Sisson. Margaret, wife of Robert, d. May 10, 1775, ag. 64 y. Common ground.
Sisson. Mary, wife, of Gideon, Merch., d. Oct. 9, 1760, ag. 24 y. Common ground.
Sisson. Mary, of Gideon and Mary, d. Sept. 16, 1764, ag. 8 y. 10 m. 29 d. Common ground.
Sisson. Robert, d. Nov. 7, 1792, ag. 56 y. Common ground.
Sisson. Wm. of Gideon and Mary, d. Nov. 28, 1769, ag. 2 y. 7 m. 10 d. Common ground.
Sivery. Martha, wife of John d. July 2, 1785, ag. 83 yrs. Common ground.
Smith. Abigail, wife of Joseph, d. Feb. 1, 1789, ag. 25 yrs. Common ground.
Smith. Ann, wife of Daniel, d. Aug. 16, 1770. Common ground.
Smith. Benj., of Benj. and Jermima, d. Feb. 15, 1712, ag. 14. Clifton ground.
Smith. Edward, d. Jan. 11, 1736, ag. 27 yrs. Coaster's Harbour.
Smith. George Gibbs, of Rev. Wm. d. Apr. 27, 1794, ag. 18 mos. Trinity Churchyard.
Smith. James, d. Dec. 24, 1723, ag. 83 y. Common ground.
Smith. John, of Joseph and Abigial, d. Nov. 12, 1765, ag. 1 y. 26 d. Common ground.
Smith. John, of John and Susanna, d. Aug. 24, 1718, ag. 22 yrs. Clifton ground.
Smith. John, d. Jan. 2, 1696, ag. 50 yrs. Clifton ground.
Smith. Mary Henrietta, wife of Rev. Fred'k., d. Nov. 18, 1765, ag. 29 y. Common ground.
Smith. Mary, wife of Wm. d. 1743, ag. 67 y. Common ground.
Smith. Mary, wife of Snubael d. June 23, 1728, ag. 27 yr's. Clifton ground.
Smith. Sarah, wife of Mr. Richard, d. May 15, 1755, ag. 33 y. Common ground.

To be continued.

Queries

7827. WHITE—Joseph White, Taunton, Mass., died 1724, leaving widow Mary. He was a son of Nicholas White. Who were his wife's parents? —J. D.

7828. HAYWARD—Samuel Hayward (son of William and Margery), Braintree, Mendon, Mass., died 1718. He married Mehitable ——. Who were her parents?—W. G.

7829. SHIDLER—Wanted, name of wife, dates of birth and death and names of children of Henry Shidler, a Rev. soldier from Washington Co., Pa. —G. B.

7830. HACKER—Joshua Hacker, Salem, Mass., Providence, R. I. He was perhaps for a time at Newport before coming to Providence. He married about 1712, Martha ——, born 1725. Who were her parents?—H. G.

7831. FOLLETT—Nicholas Follett, Dover, N. H., died before 1694. He married Abigail ——. Who were her parents? When and where did he die? Did he leave a will?—N. B.

7832. DUNGAN—Thomas Dungan, Newport, R. I.; Cold Spring; Buck County, Penn., died 1688. What was his wife's name? What was date of his birth and marriage? And what was date of birth of each of his three sisters, (viz: Barbara, Frances, Margaret)? Are any facts known about the father of Thomas Dungan, viz: William Dungan? He died previous to 1637, in England, leaving a widow Frances (daughter of Lewis Latham) who subsequently married Jeremiah Clarke and came with him (and the four children by previous husband) to Newport, R. I.—G. G.

7833. BATSON, BARNETT—Ancestry desired of Mary Batson, who was b. June 20, 1786; m. Jan. 6, 1806, James Barnett in Bourbon Co, Ky.—B. W.

7834. CONGDON—James Congdon, Kingstown; Providence; Charlestown, R. I.; born 1686 and died 1757. He married (1st) Margaret Eldred; (2) —— Westcott; (3) Mary Hoxie (widow of Joseph). Who were the parents of the Westcott wife? Her first name?—R. J.

PORTSMOUTH,

FINANCIAL TOWN MEETING.

The financial town meeting was held last Wednesday afternoon at the Town Hall. Reports were received from the Town Clerk, Town Treasurer and Tax Collector. There were also received the inventory of the Town Farm, amount $1078.95, and the report of the Commissioners of the Town Farm, showing a balance of $48.52.

It was voted that the tax rate be 60 cents on $100, to be assessed on the 29th of May at 9.00 a. m. The taxes are payable on and after September 1st, and the penalty of one per cent a month goes on November 1st. The Tax Collector was instructed to proceed immediately to collect all unpaid taxes according to law.

Appropriations were voted as follows: For support of the public schools, $6000; for highways, $3000; driftways on Prudence Island, $800, with $50 additional for Grand View plat, $100 for Sandy Point and Lombardy Court, and $50 for Prudence Park plat; support of the public library, $150; suppression of illegal sale of liquor, $500.

Salaries were fixed as follows: Town clerk, $1000; town treasurer, $300; tax collector, $200; Overseer of the poor, $30; commissioner of the town farm, $50; tax assessors, $200; school committee, $100; clerk of school committee, $75; town auditors, $3.00 for each session; moderator, $6.00 for each day's services.

It was voted to transfer $500 from the dog fund to the school fund, and retain the balance, $397.62 in the dog fund. It was voted that the accounts of the town clerk, town treasurer and tax collector be audited quarterly, and that all town officers receiving public money pay the same over to the town treasurer each Friday. It was voted that the Town Clerk's Office be kept open each day, except Monday, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

The committee appointed a year ago to investigate the town farm, reported with recommendation that the farm be kept open for the town's poor, believing that the same can be made self-supporting if properly managed. The report was received, and the committee was voted $30 for their services. The committee consists of Matthew Coggeshall, Charles Carr and Benjamin C. Sherman.

Mr. Arthur Albee has purchased of William O. Young the building on East Main Road, opposite Braman's Lane. Miss Susanna Allen will be in charge of the store.

Miss Mary Sleeper read an original poem entitled "In Memoriam," in memory of Mrs. Leander Boyd at a recent meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society.

Mrs. Robert Scott is ill with pneumonia at the home of Mrs. Thomas Holman. Mrs. Scott was taken ill while spending a day at Mrs. Holman's.

Mr. William Brown who has been here for the past week with his father has returned to Slocum. Mrs. Brown remained for a longer visit.

Mrs. Oliver G. Hicks has gone to Hartford, Conn, to be with her daughter Mrs. George Hollister who is quite ill.

Miss Clara M. Thurston, a trained nurse, is here to care for her mother, Mrs. Sarah Thurston who is quite ill.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony is spending the week with her aunt Mrs. J. H. Brown of Providence.

Committees Named.

The following committees from the Board of Trade have been appointed:

Legislation and Taxation—Frederick B. Coggeshall, William Paine Sheffield, William MacLeod, Robert S. Burlingame, Herbert L. Dyer.

Ways and Means—Thomas P. Peckham, John C. Seabury, Peter King, Edward A. Brown, I. B. Bergman.

Transportation—John R. Austin, William P. Clarke, William R. Harvey, Ernst Voigt, William B. Sherman, Jr.

New Enterprises—Edward A. Sherman, John H. Beannevin, A. B. Carcambas, Ernst Howe, D. LeRoy Dresser.

Statistics and Information—D. C. Caesar, Joseph W. Blaine, Harold A. Peckham, J. A. Jacobs, Joseph S. Milne.

Advertising and Printing—Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, Frederick P. Garrettson, Leander K. Carr, H. G. Ward, L. A. Coudray.

Entertainment—A. B. Commerford, Walter A. Wright, William G. Landers, Harry Boudreau, John Mahan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter King have rented the Zabriskie House for the season. This is the same place that they had last year, and several notable entertainments were given there.

"Did Simpkins get any damages in that assault case?"
"Did he! My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."—St. Louis Star.

The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.
G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.
8-1-tf

DON'T MISS A MINUTE OF IT.

Every breath of air, every beam of sunshine, is sent purposely for the dear little mite bringing to him health and strength and happiness. With due respect to all the babies doctors in the land, there's not one in all the land who's in it for a minute with Dear Old Sol—and the baby carriage is the only prescription you have to pay for, and that's easy here.

$5.40

Is our price for the most complete little folder you ever saw—All metal gear with 1-2-inch cushion tire wheels; leather lined body with hood and storm foot, set on springs as soft and comfortable as a Peerless or a Packard and it folds instantly into a package the size of a dress suit case.

This is one of over 40 of the handsomest models you ever looked upon.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

Telephone Directory

The Summer Issue of the Telephone Directory will Close for Press at 5 P. M.

May 21st

If you are to move to the seashore or country or desire any changes or corrections whatsoever, kindly let us know in time. It may save you future inconvenience.

Telephone, Call or Write to
CONTRACT DEPARTMENT, UNION 6020

Providence Telephone Co.

112 Union St., Providence, R. I.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

STATE BOARD —OF— PUBLIC ROADS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS for the re-surfacing of a section of State highway in the town of Tiverton, 6461 feet in length; a section in the town of Warren, 4316 feet in length; a section in the town of Bristol, 2300 feet in length; and for surface treatment with asphaltic oils sections in the town of Warwick 30,000 feet in length; a section in the town of South Kingstown, 25,000 feet in length; a section in the town of East Providence, 5000 feet in length; a section in the town of Tiverton, 2000 feet in length; a section in the towns of Portsmouth and Middletown, 11,000 feet in length, will be received by the State Board of Public Roads at its office, State House, Providence, R. I., until 12 o'clock noon, on FRIDAY, May 16th, 1913, at which time and place they will be publicly opened and read.

Bids must be made upon blanks to be furnished by the Board.

No bids will be received unless accompanied by a certified check for the sum of $200.00 payable to the State of Rhode Island.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to give preference to towns or cities in accordance with Section No. 5 of Chapter 84 of the General Laws.

Plans, specifications and drawings may be examined at the office of the State Board of Public Roads, at the State House, Providence, R. I., on and after WEDNESDAY, May 7, 1913, every week day, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m., excepting Saturdays and holidays; Saturdays, 9 to 12 m.

JOHN H. EDWARDS,
ROBERT B. TREAT,
FREDERICK F. PERKINS,
WILLIAM C. PECKHAM,
JOHN F. RICHMOND,
State Board of Public Roads.
5-10-1w

The Joneses go in for a lot of fuss and feathers."
"Yes, Jones gets the fuss and his wife the feathers."—Town Topics.

MEET ME AT BARNEY'S

Entertainment for your Home

For fifteen dollars you can purchase a wonderful little

VICTOR-VICTROLA

which will delight you and the family with its bands, songs and vaudeville.

T'will play any victor Record.

Our store is the largest victor Establishment.

BARNEY'S Music Store,
140 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

Considerable progress has been made in repairing the roadbed on Bellevue avenue, a start having been made at the Kay street end. It is expected that a large part of the Avenue will be in fine condition by the time the season opens.

Gibbs I never argue with my wife.
Dilbe Same here. I always plead guilty and take a light sentence.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 5th, 1913.

Estate of Ellen Peters.

REQUEST in writing is made by Mary C. Richardson, Administrator of the estate of Ellen Peters, late of said Newport, deceased, praying that she may be authorized and empowered to pay to the Island Cemetery Company a certain sum of money for the perpetual care of the lot in which said deceased is buried; and also that she may be authorized to erect a monument at the grave of said deceased at a price not to exceed a certain amount therein stated; and said request is received and referred to the twenty-sixth day of May instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
5-10-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., April 7th, 1913.

Estate of Frances E. Dodge.

JOHN R. PAYNE, Executor of the estate of Frances E. Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of May, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
4-19-3w

Carr's List.

The Heart of a Soldier,
George E. Pickett, C. S. A.
Virginia,
By Ellen Glasgow.
Guinevere's Lover,
Elinor Glyn.
Also a new line of Correspondence Cards engraved Newport, R. I.

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SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place,) First class recommendations Five years in Rhode Island. Age 34, married one child. Abstainer, Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and underglass. Vegetables etc.
Address S. W. S. Box 323, Peace Dale, R. I.
5-3

A colored philosopher is reported to have said, "Life, my bred'ren, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain, and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."—Presbyterian.
Alas, how true!

You Want a Running Water Lavatory Without Plumbing

A modern, convenient lavatory for rooms which have no plumbing connections.

This fixture takes the place of the old fashioned commode and slop jar and costs no more. It gives you fresh running water for lavatory purposes without the expense of installing plumbing for bath room or wash stand.

The Whole Story In A Nut Shell.

The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slop over may be moved from place to place.

Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage

"So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed Rowe Sanitary Lavatory.

Ask for information and get free booklet write today.

295 Main St
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GORDON CO,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 19th, 1913.

Estate of William A. Peckham Jr.

JOEL PECKHAM, Guardian of the estate of William A. Peckham, Junior, minor, of said Newport, presents his sixth and final account with the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the twelfth day of May next at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
4-26-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 18, 1913.

THE UNDERSIGNED herby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator, of the estate of TAMER R. SANDS, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

SIMON R. SANDS, Administrator.
4-19-3w

DOGS.

Notice To Owners And Keepers.

SECTION 10 of Chapter 135 of Public Laws of the state of Rhode Island, provides, in effect "Every owner or keeper of a dog of the age of six months or over, shall annually in the month of April cause such dog to be registered, numbered, described and licensed, and owners and keepers of dogs in the city of Newport shall secure such a license from the Chief of Police of said city. Owners and keepers of dogs failing to comply with the provisions of this Chapter are liable to a fine of ten (10) dollars."

JAMES R. CROWLEY, Chief of Police.
4-12-4w

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